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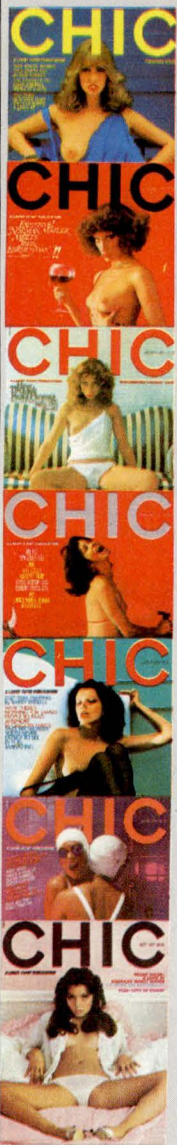


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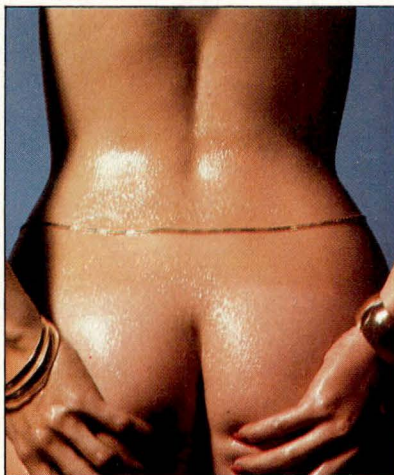
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SHOW & TELL

Cover by Bob Veze



SUMMER'S HERE

HUSTLER begins another long, hot summer with one of our hottest issues yet. It's as hot as the witch-burning fires in the Cincinnati courtroom where the First Amendment underwent a total roast in the name of "justice." Executive Editor **BRUCE DAVID** gives us an insider's eyewitness account of **HUSTLER ON TRIAL**. In the first of this two-part excerpt from a book now in progress about the Cincinnati trial, David reports on how a county in Ohio tried to place itself beyond the jurisdiction of the Constitution.

We commissioned New York artist **OVERTON LOYD**, whose work has appeared in HUSTLER (March and May, 1977), *National Lampoon* and Marvel comics, to illustrate Ohio's mockery of the First Amendment.

The South once tried to make a mockery of the Constitution, and the crackers have been trying to get back on top ever since. Now they've put a good ole boy in the White House and made "down-home" the "in" thing to be. So we sent New Yorker **NEIL SHISTER**, who's written for HUSTLER (*Truckin'*, November 1976), *Holiday* and *More*, on the road again to visit Georgia and find out what's behind **RED-NECK CHIC**.

The San Francisco police have yet to find out what's behind the recent wave of brutal fag murders in that city. **BILL CARDOSO**, who has written for *Rolling Stone* and *City* magazines, makes his debut in HUSTLER with **THE SAN FRANCISCO FAG MURDERS**, a chilling report on how some Bay City swishers are literally leaving their hearts in San Francisco.

Photographer **SUZE RANDALL**, who captured the hearts of the dry martini crowd with her photographs for *Playboy*, opens a new chapter of her career in an exclusive self-portrait for HUSTLER. **SUZE BY SUZE**, the photographer/model's first show of pink for a men's magazine, left our staff panting.

The staff might not always be so hot and horny if they got a few tattoos. Tattoos are seductive conversation pieces as **MARCO VASSI** (*A Fistful of Fucking*, September 1976) shows in **TATTOO TRIPPING**, this month's *Sex Play*. Marco's first four books were originally published by Olympia Press, underground French publisher Maurice Girodias' former U. S. venture.

Underground French humor magazine **HARA-KIRI** continues to publish despite the searing barbs and shocking satire it directs at anyone and anything in France. This month's feature, which spotlights these Continental crazies, was assembled by our new Art Director, **MARK HECKER**, who sharpened his skills as a visual satirist while working at *National Lampoon* and *Head*.

One of the sharpest, most skillful writers in the HUSTLER stable is J. R. Rivers, author of **THE SACRIFICE**. This tale of a relationship strained to the breaking point marks Rivers' fourth lusty fiction contribution.

Speaking of lusty, this month's HUSTLER Honeys, **LANA**, **CINDY** and **PRUDENCE**, should light fires in the hearts and groins of our readers. We can't think of a better way to work up a good sweat.

— Althea Flynt

Associate Publisher & Editorial Director



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Lloyd



Shister



Cardoso



Hecker

HUSTLER

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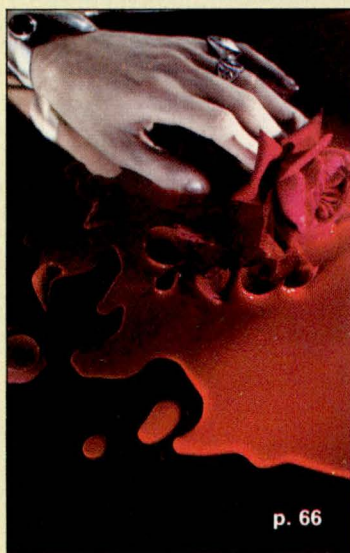
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JUNE 1977 VOLUME 3 NUMBER 12



Front



Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

STATEMENT

A Minor Point

You've often heard me say that HUSTLER should be available to anyone who wants to read it, but I've always made it clear that this freedom should extend *only* to adults. Yet, during the recent controversy surrounding HUSTLER, antiporn groups have sunk to new depths to give magazines like HUSTLER a bad name by linking them with everything from teenage pregnancy to juvenile delinquency to VD. They have also made a concentrated effort to convince the public that children are not only reading pornography, but are also widely used in the production of erotic films and publications.

This is ridiculous. I'm tired of having the Nazi element in America use HUSTLER as a scapegoat for every social ill that exists in our nation. While the use of children to produce pornography might exist, I can assure you that it is on a very minor scale. I personally know most of the people who produce sexually explicit material, and without exception, they are absolutely opposed to the use of children in pornography. Those who are guilty of exploiting children in this fashion should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. In the same way, I fully support all laws prohibiting the sale of magazines like HUSTLER to children and believe that these laws should also be firmly enforced.

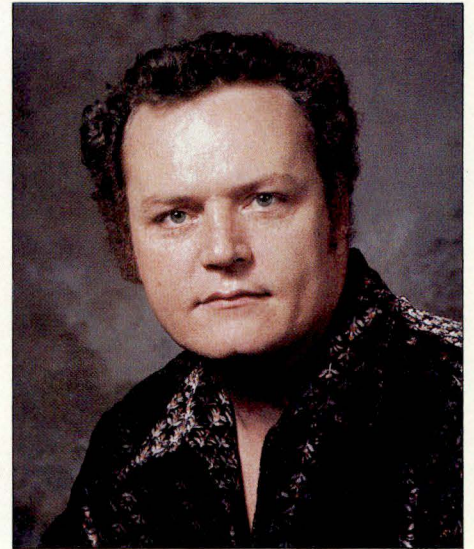
If minors are allowed to obtain HUSTLER, it's either because their parents have decided that their

children are capable of handling the material or because the retailers are not doing their duty, as prescribed by law, in restricting sales to adults. We don't force the magazine on anyone, and we certainly don't want it made available to children.

Still, some people argue that because, under certain circumstances, children might see HUSTLER, the magazine should be banned. Are any of these people trying to ban cigarettes and liquor because these items occasionally fall into the hands of minors, when we *know* that these products are harmful? And if a minor got caught being served beer in a bar, would Budweiser or any other brand be removed from taverns all across the country?

I don't think children are interested in reading or viewing pornographic material, let alone participating in its production. Children are more interested in stuffed animals than in stuffed vaginas. Of course there are people who will argue that if you showed their ten-year-old a pornographic book, the youngster would certainly show some interest. I agree that would probably be the case, because in most American families the child would be seeing something he or she had never seen before.

The Commission on Obscenity and Pornography determined that children are not affected by pornography simply because they are not interested in it. At the same time, the commission conceded that



since there existed the potential for harm, the entire area involving children and their exposure to pornography did need more research. This was the recommendation filed in their official report and it has *yet* to be acted on. I think that this is all the more reason for President Carter to reestablish the commission to study obscenity and pornography, and I hope that each of you who shares this view will express your views to the president or your congressmen.

It seems to me that people who accuse HUSTLER of corrupting children could better spend their time campaigning for high-quality sex education and supporting research for improved methods of birth control. HUSTLER isn't responsible for teenage pregnancy—sexual ignorance is the culprit. We are not the cause of society's problems. After all, we've only been around for three years. Society's problems have been here a lot longer. If the do-gooders want to get rid of magazines like HUSTLER, let them first get rid of the problems that plague society, because all that the editorial content of HUSTLER does is serve as a mirror to reflect these problems.

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Larry Flynt".

Editor & Publisher



The closer you get, the **Pinker** we look.

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Reverse that headline for a moment.

It now reads: The pinker we get, the closer you look.

There's a lot of truth in that statement.

These days, people are giving HUSTLER a closer look. And it's more than just the once-over. In fact, we've gotten complaints from our readers that HUSTLER is getting impossible to find at your local newsstand.

But there is a simple answer to this problem. Subscribe to HUSTLER. When you subscribe, you save \$6.30 off the newsstand price. Plus, you receive your copy of HUSTLER two weeks before it goes on sale. And each issue is carefully sealed in black plastic so nobody can see it before you do.

There's nothing that frustrates us more than knowing that one of our readers isn't able to find us. Don't let an empty newsstand get between you and HUSTLER.

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FEEDBACK

ALLISON: A SHOE-IN

I have subscribed to HUSTLER magazine for about one year now, but never have I seen a centerfold to match "Allison: A Touch of Class" (April 1977 issue). The shoes, the hose, and the flawless body were fantastic!

More, please!

Scorpio
Arvada, Colorado

HOOKED ON HONEY

HUSTLER is the *best*, but is there any way you could publish it weekly? I buy at least four or five magazines a week. If it were possible, they would all be Larry Flynt publications.

I would also like to see more of Honey Hooker. Have you ever considered publishing a whole magazine about Honey?

C. B. B.
Parrott, Virginia

Our first Honey Hooker collection will be on sale sometime this summer, and by fall you should be able to drool over a new issue of HUSTLER every two weeks.

HITE REPORT

Is Tim Conway feeling threatened by little old helpless female Shere Hite ("The Hite Report," in the April 1977 issue)?

Perhaps he'd do well to analyze *his own* sexual adequacies—or inadequacies.

Jera L. Gloss
East Windsor, New Jersey

I find I'm usually pretty adequate around helpless females, who, as you know, are good for only two things... well, three if they have nice assholes.

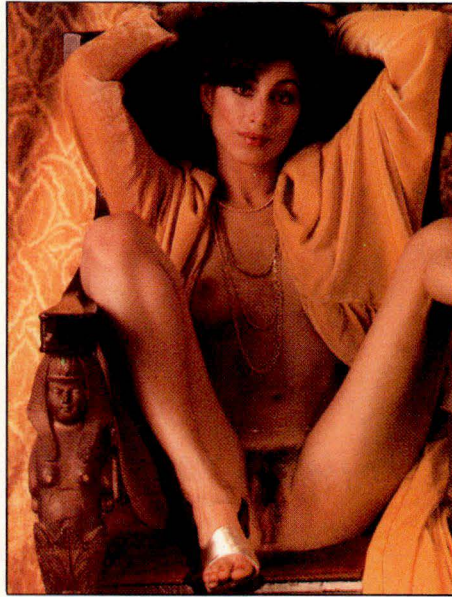
—Tim Conway

THE TRIALS OF HUSTLER

I sincerely hope, Mr. Flynt, that you met with your kind of filth in jail. You deserve to experience firsthand the kind of rot you publish. I saw you on a television news program February 11, and your quivering loose lips showed what a cringing weak character you really are. What a pasty-faced, blank-looking cowardly boob! After reading about you and your magazine in the newspaper, I was sickened by you in every way.

You think it's all right to have this filth available for people who want it, and those who don't should ignore it. That doesn't make sense to decent people. Who wants garbage in their midst, even though they don't touch it themselves? It is offensive and it stinks and it demoralizes the people of our nation. I couldn't possibly measure the contempt that I have for you and your lascivious cohorts.

When the Bill of Rights was put in the



Constitution, your kind of publication was not even imagined. I know that this letter won't make even the slightest dent in your conscience, because you have none. You delight in being a mucky, half-man.

Tess Morgan
Salt Lake City, Utah

Things of Flynt's nature should be prevented from contaminating this planet Earth. Flynt is in the same category as vermin. If there ever was a spoiler, it is him and his kind. That scum of the earth asked for it.

Amy Paxton Roth
Salt Lake City, Utah

It tickled me pink when I got up this morning and heard over the radio that your fearless leader had been thrown into the slammer. Putrid slime like him shouldn't be allowed to publish puke in the form of a magazine. I have never bought one of his shit-on-paper masterpieces, but I have had the chance to glance through some. I don't know where you bastards come up with such appalling material. It is a sorry-ass, godforsaken crime that you deviates are allowed to print anything and everything that comes to your depraved minds. I saw that little queer, Larry Flynt, being interviewed on *60 Minutes*. He screamed about "freedom of the press" and said that people actually want this kind of literature out in the open. Bullshit! The majority of people aren't on his side; he's speaking for the minority. I hope that literature like HUSTLER can be stopped before every young person with a couple of bucks to spare will have his mind defiled by such cancerous slime.

Kenneth R. Beznoska
North Bend, Nebraska

When I learned of Larry Flynt's conviction, I cried. Then I re-read his March 1977 *Statement* and got just plain angry. My husband and I are upper-middle-class, everyday folks, not weirdos or perverts. We are subscribers and intend to remain so. I am insulted and outraged by anyone who wants to tell me what to read and see. And if it's social redeeming value you need to remain free, then, my God, the VD article in the December 1976 issue not only qualifies but should win an award and be shown in schools. Perhaps we and other concerned citizens could help by writing letters to our congressmen or President Carter.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

I have just finished watching your interview on *60 Minutes* and have found you to be an honest, sincere man who has apparently got a hell of a lot more sense than



some of the people in this country give you credit for. It's about time someone told the bluenoses, smart-ass prosecutors, jurors and politicians that if they think they can tell the people of this country what to read or view, they can kiss our collective ass. The First Amendment guarantees the right to publish whatever we damn well please, and these morons have the audacity to try to change that just because they find HUSTLER offensive. The simple solution would be to avoid buying it if you don't want to see it. I would like to congratulate you, Larry Flynt, for publishing whatever you fucking well want to publish.

R. H. Brown, Jr.
Altoona, Alabama

I recently read a piece in the overseas edition of *Stars and Stripes* that referred to your criminal prosecution. I am full of contempt for the hypocrisy of the Ohio legal system, as well as deep sadness for what Larry and Althea must be going through personally. I could expound in great detail about my enjoyment of your magazine's irreverent, no-holds-barred humor and satire. The articles and fiction are dedicated to the average American man, and your photographic essays feature some of the most erotic women I have had the pleasure to view.

But in all honesty, the only thing that truly sets you apart from the majority of men's magazines is your editorial policy,

which reflects an honest, gutsy view of what you believe in. Your upfront approach to the realities of our society—both the evil and the good—your views on true obscenity (death and carnage by war) and your refreshing approach to life in general has blazed a trail for other magazines to follow. You have also given a shot in the arm to many of us guys who are tired of pseudosophisticated, plastic magazines.

I believe there have been extensive studies done on pornography, and there has been no support for the archaic theory that erotic material forces a person into criminal acts. But then, the legal system has its own way of doing business. Apparently, you have drawn enough attention to yourself that someone thinks he must "legally" get you. Best of luck, Larry and Althea. We're pulling for you.

T. W. B.
Address Withheld by Request

Is there anyone who can accurately define obscenity? If HUSTLER is obscene, then *Sports Afield*, *TV Guide*, *Woman's Day*, *Newsweek*, *Sick*, *True Romance* and every other magazine published today could be considered obscene by any particular individual depending on his or her definition of obscenity. Is not the sight of a gutted animal hanging from a tree obscene to an environmentalist? Or the picture of a meat casserole to a vegetarian? Is not the story of

a young girl being raped offensive to accepted standards of decency? Is not today's news offensive to the senses in every respect?

If the decision on Mr. Flynt's case is not reversed, then Americans had better seriously plan on changing the name of our country, or at least attempt to find a new definition for the word America besides "land of the free."

This letter expresses my views as an individual. I was taught that *all* Americans are supposed to be free. Even Larry Flynt.

James A. Woods
Antigo, Wisconsin

I was saddened and shocked to see Larry Flynt sent to jail. Like millions of other HUSTLER readers I am deeply sorry to have to sit and watch as more and more of our freedom is taken away in this former land of liberty. I feel that if people really got together, they could put an end to this disgusting oppression of the American people. Personally, I think Larry Flynt is one of the greatest patriots since Benjamin Franklin. I pray that in the years to come, this country will have free speech, free press and safe streets, and that Larry Flynt will not have gone to jail in vain.

David Smith
Atlanta, Georgia

Don't just sit and watch. Fight back by writing your congressman or by contributing to Americans for a Free Press, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Your recent obscenity conviction has given me much to think about, Mr. Flynt. In Cincinnati, a jury of our peers and a judge whose apparent brilliance and judgment will never be surpassed have set a standard that we should all be happy to live by. In leaving my apartment this morning, to my shock, the first thing that I saw was two dogs in the act of reproducing. I thought, "My God, that's obscene." I continued my journey and as I turned a corner, I bumped into an obese woman and screamed, "You are really obscene!" As I continued, my path was blocked by a beggar with no arms or legs. I was glad my children were not with me to see this terrible obscenity. I crossed the street and saw a wino—unshaven, dirty, reeking of wine—lying in the gutter. Holding back the urge to vomit at such an obscenity, I immediately rushed back to the safety of my apartment. As I was opening my door, bird droppings hit me on the shoulder. An obscene gesture, if ever I have seen one. Once inside my protective castle, and ill from all the obscenities I had seen, a refreshing thought hit me. I had no reason to worry. The Cincinnati court will protect me from all that is obscene. A planet without dogs, obesity, cripples, winos, birds and other things considered obscene delighted me. This is possibly the last letter I will write, because, as you know, someone will

probably consider it obscene, take it to court in Cincinnati and have all letter writing banned. Please burn this letter after you read it. I can't afford to spend time in prison.

Walter E. Walz
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

DOGS, CHILDREN AND BEAVERS

I am a regular subscriber and so far have really enjoyed reading HUSTLER. However, I must rebuke you for showing such poor taste in the April 1977 issue's Beaver Hunt. That dog or kangaroo or whatever kind of animal you showed was an absolute insult and most repugnant.

For such an awful deed, I feel that Larry Flynt has earned the position of Asshole of the Month. I would also like to personally stuff my feet in the ass of whoever sent in that picture and have one of your photographers take a photo of it in bright, bloody-red color for publication in HUSTLER.

Morris Virgil
Green Bay, Wisconsin

The photo is obviously of a dog, and many readers thought it was humorous to publish such a photo. As I've tried to point out before, HUSTLER is as much a humor magazine as it is a sex magazine.

—Larry Flynt

As a normal 22-year-old male, I find your magazine interesting. I am not condemning you in any way at all. But I also belong to Jesus Christ, for He is more interesting to me than anything in the world. Don't think I'm some sort of nut, but I am asking you in His name to keep the little children out of your magazine. In the April 1977 Beaver Hunt section, among photos of beautiful naked women, you have a photo of a 5-year-old girl lying on a bed, saying she wishes for "boobies" as big as her mother's.

Children are very dear to Jesus, and He promises to punish greatly those who lead His children to sin. I'm sure you meant no harm, but please, the world is bad enough. Leave the children alone.

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

It was not our intention to exploit the little girl, and you can see that she's dressed. The photo was taken by her mother as a spoof to add some humor to the Beaver Hunt section, like the dog photo sent in by a proud owner. Neither of these photos was meant to be a turn-on.

IN A GOOD HUMOR

After reading the April 1977 issue of HUSTLER—which was, in all honesty, great—I couldn't help but notice the amazing number of critical letters you received concerning your "black humor" and "dead baby" cartoons. It's continually disheartening to me as a cartoonist to think that there are so many narrow-minded people out there

who read a cartoon, then proceed to miss the point of the work entirely. It seems to me they spend more time overreacting than they do comprehending. As the editorial cartoonist for the *Columbia Flier* here in Baltimore, I must compliment you and give you full support for your cartoons, for they hit targets that other similar magazines wouldn't even admit exist.

Jack McClernan
Baltimore, Maryland

This is the first time I have felt compelled to send a letter to any publication. I think all those people who complain about how disgusting they think your articles and pictures are must think that reality is disgusting. Perhaps *they* are the disgusting ones for closing their eyes to the truth. I am also slightly annoyed at the people who complain about your ethnic humor. I am a black female, and though I find some of your humor rather sick, I can still laugh at it. Humor should not be categorized according to race, creed or color. If people are foolish enough to take it seriously, then I don't think they should be reading your magazine in the first place. No matter how disgusting, distasteful and gross you get, I'll keep buying HUSTLER.

A. E. T.
Brooklyn, New York

We are tired of these pussy motherfuckers who continually bitch about Dwaine Tinsley's work. We hope these cocksuckers soon see the messages Dwaine is trying to convey. If they don't, let them heed these words: "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke." Keep up the good work, HUSTLER.

Chris, Jeff and Paul
Cornell University

SPLIT-TAILED BEAVER LOVER

Perhaps when HUSTLER was still a figment of Larry Flynt's imagination, it was only intended for the males of "... the rest of the world." However, HUSTLER is a magazine with readers of both sexes. I would venture to say that half of all HUSTLER fans are female, and as one of them I sure would like to see some balls gracing your centerfold pages.

HUSTLER is nearly the ultimate magazine, and surely would be the ultimate if you could run some cock shots to turn on us females. We would like to page through HUSTLER and cream our jeans, too.

P. J. M.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

We're not prejudiced. We consider reader requests from every class of citizen, and we'll keep your suggestion in mind.

GRAFFILTHY



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40 W. Gay Street
Columbus, Ohio 43215

As we reported in this column last month, the South Australian Labour Government has succeeded in passing a measure that, for the first time anywhere in the world, would impose criminal penalties upon a man for raping his wife. Apparently, the antirape laws have engaged the interest of the Nevada Assembly Judiciary Committee, where a bill similar to the one that found its way into Australian law is being considered. Currently in Nevada, a husband may only be convicted of raping his wife if he is an accomplice to her rape by a third party.

Meanwhile, Indiana State Representative Donald Boys isn't having much luck with his pet legislative project--a bill that would make anal intercourse illegal between anyone except husband and wife. Boys sponsored the bill because sodomy, formerly a crime in Indiana, is being decriminalized this year. Boys was horrified at the thought that the state of Indiana would seem to condone homosexuality, and so he came up with the scheme of outlawing anal sex. His proposed bill died in committee.

Soviet officials apparently take a very dim view of people who fail to have venereal disorders treated promptly. A young woman has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Vilnius, near the Polish border, for "knowingly" infecting two married men with syphilis.

According to the article in the Lithuanian Communist Party newspaper, which reported the woman's plight, officials had a tough time tracking down their quarry due to her habit of giving only her first name to male friends.

A committee of doctors in England, concerned about the rising popularity of sleeping pills in that country, has begun to advise people to use sex instead of Seconal. To get their point across, British medics are distributing a pamphlet called "How Happy Are You In Bed?"

The pamphlet says that sex is a fine way to forget your worries and, as such, does the same thing the sleeping pills do. Sex, however, enjoys the advantage of being safer. The doctors warn, though, that, in this context, over-anxiety about bedroom performance is self-defeating.

Twenty-three-year-old Sandra Gary, a member of the Washington, D. C., police department, has been arrested by an undercover vice-squad officer and charged with soliciting prostitution. Gary, who had been a policewoman for a little more than a year at the time of her arrest, offered her resignation from the police force.

If you think you've tried all the sexual variations possible to spice up your sex life and are looking for something new, you might try hunger. Scientist Douglas Drysdale says that fasting for a day or more is a surefire way to stimulate your appetite--sexual and otherwise.

Drysdale says fasting is particularly beneficial in that it gives people who try it an "improved psychological attitude toward the opposite sex."

COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics), the civil rights organization for prostitutes, has opened up a new front in its fight to decriminalize prostitution. Jennifer Cruz, a 22-year-old former hooker, has begun a lobbying effort in Sacramento for CATNIP (California Association for Trollops, National Institution for Prostitution), the legal branch of COYOTE.

Cruz spends her days calling on state legislators hoping to find support for a bill decriminalizing prostitution. (A bill with a similar intent was sponsored last year in the California House by Democratic State Senator Arlen Gregorio. Gregorio's bill called for decriminalization as a local option. The measure was referred to committee for study.)

"I don't think she'll (Cruz) upset too many people," said Assemblyman Walter Ingalls. "The media think we're all whores up here anyway."

—Mike Sheeter

ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column that is designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question **HUSTLER** about whatever is on your mind, direct your letter to **HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 W. Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.**

Edited by Pat Ryan

My boyfriend's birthday present to me this year was a vibrator that we both find to be a pleasant addition to our sex play. It is the cordless type, and after using it for a rather long time in my vagina one evening, I was very sore, and now I'm leery of doing so again. However, I don't want to give up the pleasure that it can bring. What could possibly have caused the soreness?

J. S.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Soreness, inflammation and small cuts can result from the use of vibrators or dildoes if you're not careful. You don't have to give it up, but don't use it for so long the next time. If the vibrator you have now is too large, get another model. (Plastic

doesn't have the flexibility and softness a penis does.) It's also a good idea to wash it after each use since cunt juices can harden and create an abrasive surface that you can't see but your cunt will feel.

I have heard that there are cases where a man's cock can get caught in a woman's vagina and can't be removed. I know that dogs can get hung up and want to know if people can, too.

L. M.
Birmingham, Alabama

The "captive penis" myth has circulated for years with no basis in fact. Even if a woman were to experience vaginismus (involuntary contraction of pelvic muscles) while a man was inside her, it would probably scare the hell out of him and he would lose his erection, making it easy for him to slip out. It may be a dog's life, but the sex problems are different.

A few months ago my girlfriend and I had a lot of arguments and she up and left. We have managed to get back together, and she tells me how she wants and loves me, but she acts very cold around me. Worse, she doesn't want to have sex with me because of her nerves. Can it be that her nerves are bothering her so much

she can't have sex, or is she just taking me for a ride?

C. D.
Sedalia, Missouri

"Nerves" has to follow headaches as the second oldest excuse to avoid sex. If your relationship is so fucked up you can't tell if she's really sick or not, you deserve her nerves.

While I'm only 18, I've fucked several girls and really enjoy sex. The problem is, though, that I can only last for a few minutes before coming. I always try to have foreplay and my ladies say they are satisfied, but I am worried. Is this premature ejaculation?

T. M.
Toledo, Ohio

You are not prematurely ejaculating. If you were, you'd shoot before entering a woman or within a few seconds after doing so. Although we hope HUSTLER readers do better, most men reach climax between two to five minutes after entering. You're very young and your staying power is normal, but you can prolong intercourse by lying still or withdrawing for a few minutes to hold off orgasm. Because you're so young, you should be able to get hard again fast, and you'll last longer the second time around.

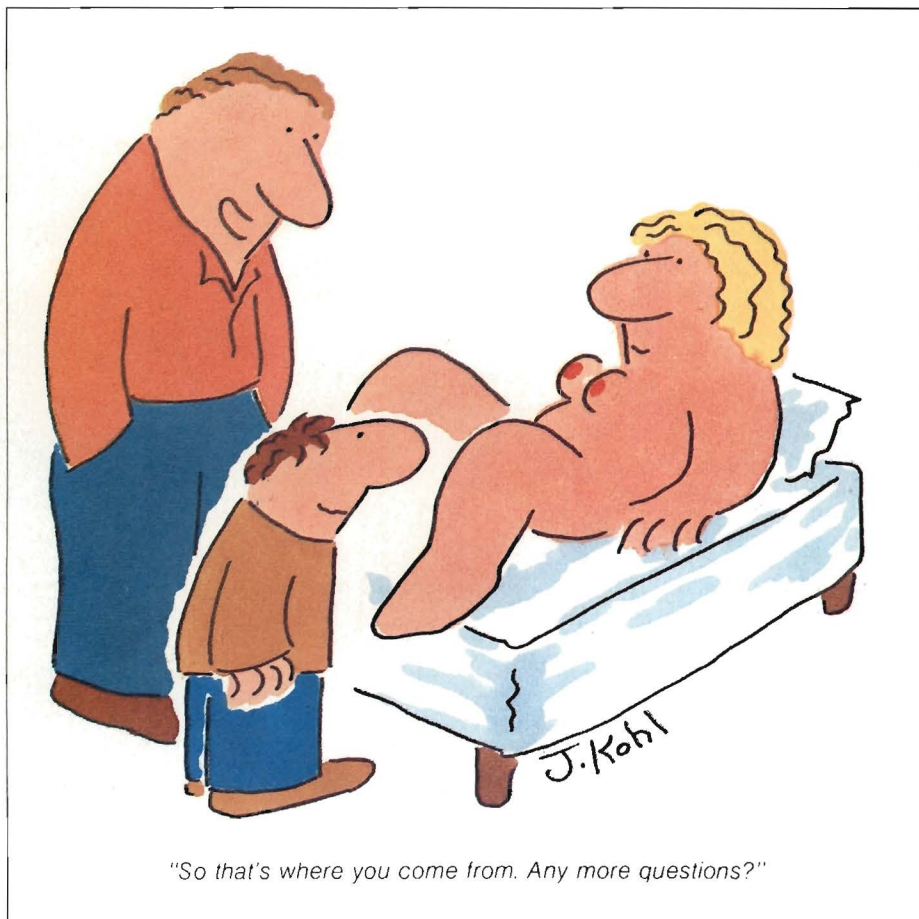
I want to ask a question that has bothered me for some time. I once read that you can tell the size of a man's cock by his shoe size. My husband and I have a few friends with awfully big feet, and I am dying of curiosity.

Name Withheld by Request
Lebanon, Indiana

You'll have to keep wondering because the only thing big feet indicate is a lot of sole.

I have been married to a wonderful man for over ten years and was faithful to him until I discovered fellatio. While we were looking at marriage manuals, the subject came up and my husband told me flatly that it was degrading. A few months ago, I drank a lot at an office party and ended up with a man from work. One thing led to another and he exposed his cock. I went limp with desire to lick it and within minutes he was spurting gobs of semen into my mouth while I climaxed without even touching myself. I might add that my husband has never brought me to climax. The incident made me feel guilty, but every time I thought of sucking cock I got terribly excited. I asked my husband about it again, but he did not change his mind and I didn't dare argue for it. I started wondering how to satisfy my obsession, so one night I went out to a bar and asked a nice man I met there to walk me to my car. Within moments, I was taking his cock out and

(continued on page 109)





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When you're ready to play some sexual games, Leasure Time wants to make sure you're holding a hot hand. That's why we've called on good old "Doc" Johnson to deal you in.

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If you're the kind of man who likes to sweep a woman off her feet, then pick up a Womb Broom (# 1622). Perfect for stimulating and cleaning those hard-to-reach places.

The Lady Godiva dildo is made of extrasoft rubber that is flexible yet sufficiently rigid for maintaining any position or angle. Available in both smooth (# 5521) and studded (# 5522).

Get your hands on the most mechanically sophisticated electric sex aid ever offered—the Electro Squirmy Rooter (# 1624). It can perform tricks a real penis wouldn't dare attempt. The rooter can simultaneously rotate in a full circle while providing vibrating sensations. Uses 2 C batteries.

The Electro Admiral Periscope (# 5524) is a rubber replica of a cock with a powerful vibrating motor completely sealed inside the tip. It can turn the limpest penis into a pulsating pile driver. Uses 2 AA batteries.

The dual-function Electro Orgasm (# 5523) is the Rolls-Royce of dildoes. Made of soft, pliable rubber, it comes with both an attachable pump and an automatic vibration control. The pump allows you to enlarge the dildo to any size while the vibration control sends a woman into high gear. \$39.95. Uses 2 AA batteries.

For those who enjoy old faithful, there's the Vibrato Cordless Vibrator. Available in 4" mini (# 0250) uses 2 AA batteries; 7" personal (# 0240) uses 2 C batteries; and 10" stud (# 0230) uses 2 C batteries.

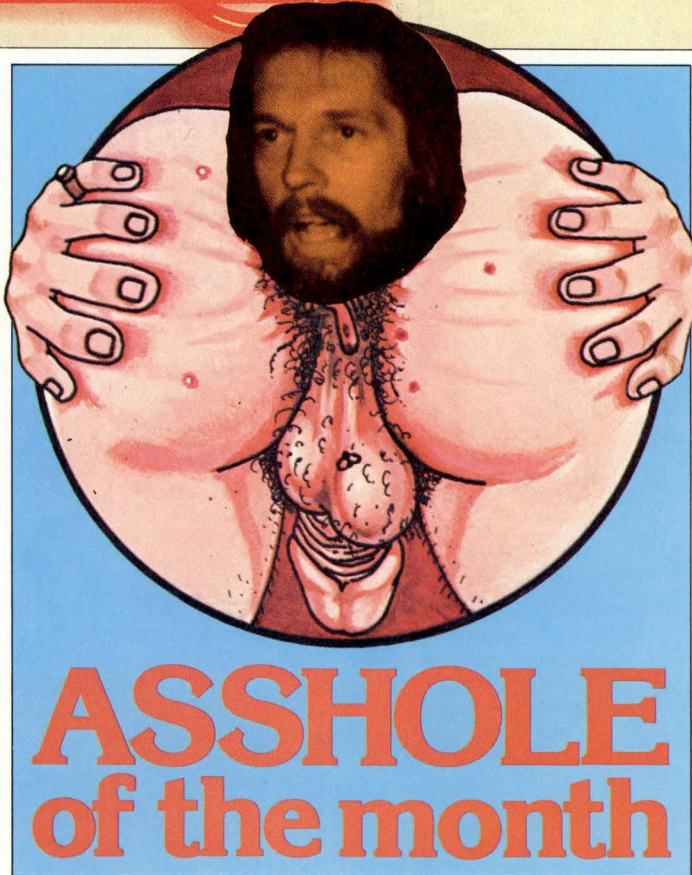
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Bits & Pieces

If photographer Fred Enke thought he could avoid becoming HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month by dying, he was dead wrong. Initially we balked at making him our first posthumous Asshole, but then we figured that the only difference between a dead asshole and a live one is that a dead one is colder. So we went ahead.

Living or dead, however, Enke is a pretty offensive asshole. There was a time, though, when his intentions were good. Several months ago Enke toyed with the idea of leaving his job at *Club* magazine and coming to work for HUSTLER, where his photography would be showcased with that of James Baes, Clive McClean, Suze Randall and other industry heavies. Enke wasn't yet a top-notch photographer, but Larry recognized his potential and invested time and money to have a contract drawn up for Enke's exclusive services.

Long before this, Larry had been told by *Club* owner Peter Godfrey that if HUSTLER gave Enke a job they could no longer be friends. In making an offer to Enke, Larry was jeopardizing this long-established



friendship with Godfrey. But Larry figured, hell, business is business. So he proceeded.

In the meantime, Enke got spooked by the Cincinnati censorship circus. Fearing that the

restless natives were on the verge of boiling over into the HUSTLER offices with pitchforks and baling hooks, he became concerned with his own ass (job security, etc.) rather

than a future with HUSTLER. So he used Larry's job offer as leverage to negotiate with *Club* for more money. To top it all off, Enke took some test shots of one of our Beaver Hunt models, then turned around and shot a feature of her for *Club*.

As a result of all this, Larry had pissed away a lawyer's hefty fee, the Godfrey/Flynt relationship was finished and Enke died.

Now, we're not saying that Enke's death had anything to do with his shady business tactics in dealing with Larry. And no one on the HUSTLER staff believes that the little wax Enke effigy that Larry stuck pins into caused the photographer to have a heart attack. For all we know, it could have been Divine Retribution that killed Enke. At any rate, nobody around here wanted him to die, and we sincerely wish he were here to read this. (If Godfrey continues to ignore Larry, maybe it can be arranged to have the *Club* honcho hand carry an issue to Enke.)

Well, what's done is done. Rest in peace Fred Enke, wherever you are—and be sure to tell them you're considering a better offer.



Halfway House

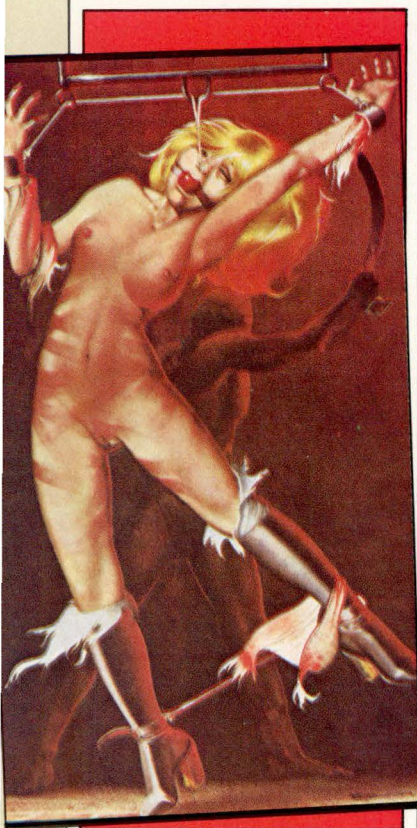
People have made the accusation that the HUSTLER staff is a bunch of cretins. Nothing could be further from the truth. Do any of these people have misshapen heads? Of course not. That's a fine, upstanding crew, heads above other magazine staffs.

They're hard workers, too. Managing Editor Jim Heinisch, who in real life is only 4 feet, 11 inches tall, enjoys riding herd over the crew of midget Associate Editors on HUSTLER's staff. Zbigniew Kindela, who gets off on bearskin, Mike Sheeter, Protestant, and Michael Toohey, carrot-topped

cutup, are "the finest crop of smut midgets in the Midwest," Heinisch claims.

This photo also proves wrong all those who thought this magazine was produced by nigger-loving, anti-Semitic racist chauvinists. And if you don't see Tim Conaway in the picture, it's because he's standing behind Kindela. "Sometimes Conaway comes up short," Heinisch points out.

Herr Heinisch also wants to say that, unlike his mentor, Executive Editor Bruce David, he never fucks his dog. The midget editors, however, are a different matter.



NO Thanques

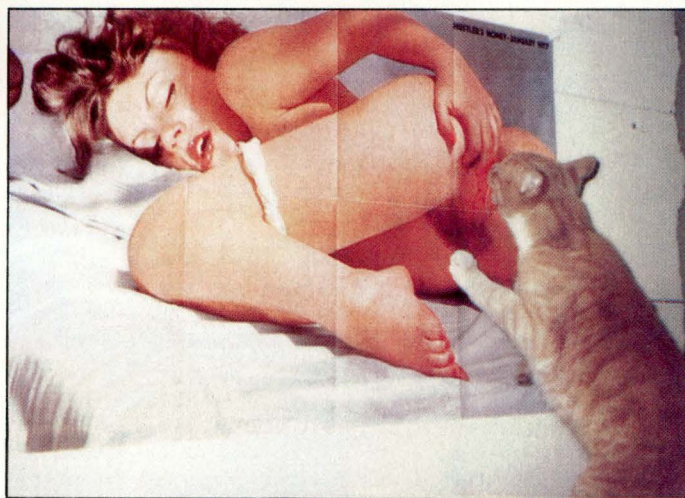
Larry Ross, the West Coast pornomonger who's responsible for *Fetish Times*, *San Francisco Ball*, etc., claims he'll produce a glossy national magazine called *Kinque* for fetish freaks who find it easier to wipe cum off of glossy pages than newsprint. We'll see.

For now, though, Ross is mailing promotional brochures for *Kinque* that carry a Jim Bishop color artwork on the back, and in our opinion that's worth more than the insides of ten of Ross's publications. Today, Bishop is the top bondage artist, producing intensely erotic drawings that step over the line of what can be done in real-life bondage situations. The blending of fact and fantasy makes Bishop's work a genuine turn-on. Ross's work, on the other hand, is typically unbelievable and often feminist-oriented. Marvin X, another of *Kinque's* founders, is one of those twisted men who gets off on being dominated by females, and his fetish carries over into his work. We hear that Marvin even goes around wearing panties.

LAYING AN EGG

You may have heard the theory that women are good for only two things — well, three, if they've got a nice asshole. Demonstrated here is one of those good things. If you have to put up with their cackling, you should get something worthwhile out of it, like a

fresh white egg. If you're worried about an accident during cunnilingus, remember that women can only lay eggs in the squatting position, and no *real* man lets a woman get on top. One other thing: Don't let her serve you a smegma omelet.



FRESH FISH

This cat likes tuna, and we deliver. No mess, no cans, just slick, two-dimensional tongue teasers

for the most discriminating toms. *HUSTLER Honeys*, like Karyn Wagner (January 1977), are always a big hit at meow mixers, and many cats are content to spend all nine lives enjoying the pleasures of these tender victuals. Sadistic felines prefer a puss in boots, but most like a girl who is just plain frisky.



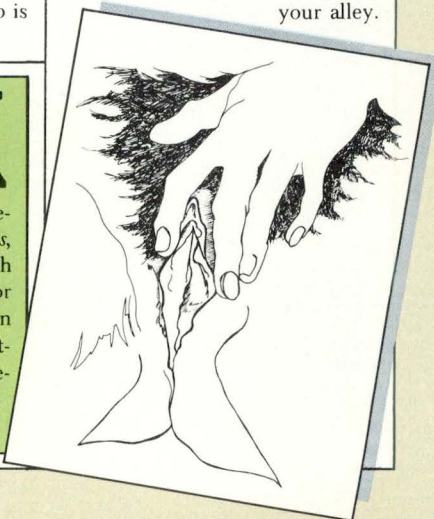
INSEX

June Beetle (*jewn bee-till*): Sometimes called *collidus whiplashus*, the June beetle is an insect with large, hooked feelers and poor eyesight. June beetles often run into one another and then threaten to sue for damages. People frequently mistake these collisions for sexual intercourse.

Color It Soggy

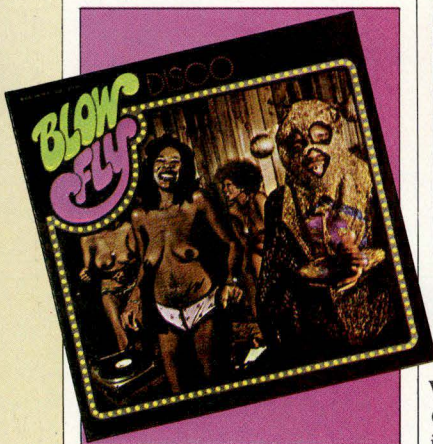
There are all kinds of ways to have fun with cunts. Think of a few. Did you think of coloring them? No, you don't need to be a tattoo artist or a Rembrandt; all you need is the *Cunt Coloring Book*. (Available for \$2.00 plus 40 cents' postage and handling from Pearlchild Productions, 1800 Market Street, Box 151, San Francisco, CA 94102.)

Tee Corinne has done line drawings of "*real women's cunts*," the book's introduction claims, and if you're into meat-counter gazing, you might get off on the strange configurations that pass for dripping dew pots in this book. If you're into drooling and crayons, it's right up your alley.



HAB MERCY

Blow Fly, a group of studio musicians that has produced seven party albums, has made the record industry's shit list with *Disco*, its latest release. Copyright lawsuits have been filed by the original artists of songs that Blow Fly parodied on this well-pro-



duced, funkier-than-the-originals album. But the worst part is that TK Record Productions, which released *Disco* as Weird World Records (P. O. Box 1447, Hialeah, FL 33011), is treating Blow Fly like a red-haired bastard step-child.

When we called TK's Florida office for material on Blow Fly, a Fat Albert voice told us—with all the rudeness an offended banana belcher can muster—that *Disco* had been jerked from the market and no material was being sent out about them. Thanks to New York City disco dj Alwyn Colman, we at least have this rather battered cover.

Party albums are not mass-distributed, so the fact that *Disco* has been shelved may go unnoticed. And since Blow Fly credits each group for the work it parodies on the release, we feel that copyright violations aren't the main reason the artists are complaining. It's more likely they're upset that Blow Fly satirizes the usually inane disco lyrics of the originals. Such tunes as "You're a Bad Fuck, Baby," "Suck It Till You're Satisfied," say upfront what the original artists were too gutless to record in the first place.



Oh! Calcutta! Again!

When the original production of *Oh! Calcutta!* opened in 1969, its nudity, explicit language and simulated sex sent shock waves throughout the theater world. The revue ran for four years. But what made it so sensational at the end of the last decade now seems

mild in the jaded climate of the 70s.

Consequently, the revival of this sex revue must rely on its content to justify the \$13 tab for admission. The skits were written by Jules Feiffer, John Lennon, Jacques Levy, Dan Greenburg

and Sam Shepard, among others. The skits range from banal to hilarious.

On the banal side, there are several dance numbers, including a self-conscious skit in which the cast sings and dances about their feelings concerning stripping in front of a live audience. Who cares? The cast's explanations are of interest only to themselves. On the other hand, several vignettes are amusing, particularly the number "Will Answer All Sincere Replies," in which a novice swinging couple encounters a sex-crazed cop and his aggressive wife during the beginners' first swinging experience. There is also a brilliantly choreographed and very funny takeoff on a Masters and Johnson-type sex clinic, which involves the entire cast.

The cast is nude for only half the production, and the bodies—particularly the females—are something less than sensational. However, a girl named Haru Aki sports a rather pretty, pouting-lipped pussy, and Dorothy Chansky is quite well built.

All in all, *Oh! Calcutta!* is a sometimes amusing musical with a decent rock score, although the production ultimately scores a zero in the titillation department. Or as a player in one skit puts it: "For the price of this seat, I couldn't gotten a blow job!"

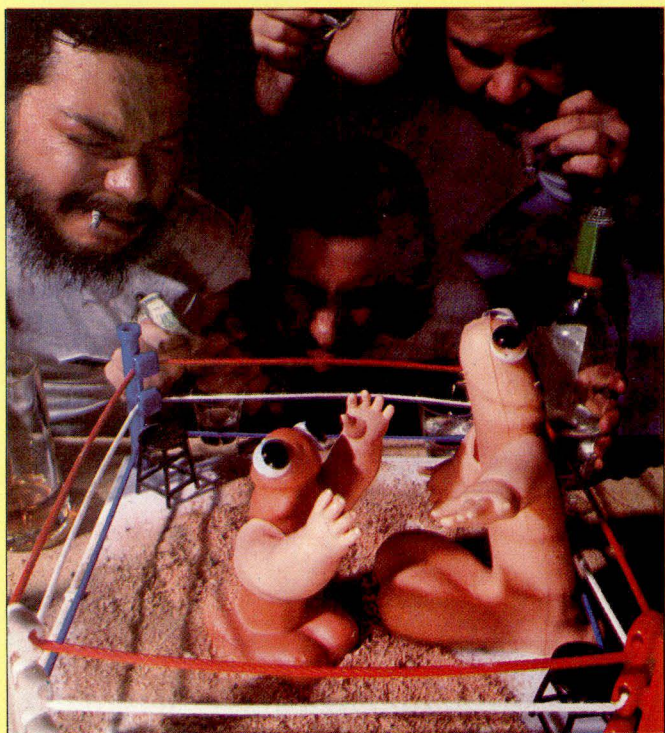
—Frank Fortunato

DICKED AGAIN

After HUSTLER's informative article on pit bull fighting in the March 1977 issue, Larry wanted us to find out about cockfighting. Art Director Mark Hecker (right), Assistant Art Director Steven Sayadian (center) and Associate Editor Tim Conaway were sent out to re-create a cockfight, and this is what they came up with.

"What do you mean, chickens," the trio cried. "We ain't afraid of nothing. And besides," Hecker and Sayadian reported, "we won five dollars from Conaway."

"It's chickenfeed," the scar-faced Associate Editor rejoined.



B-52-D

In order to keep our readers abreast of the newest trends in aircraft design, we present this sneak preview of the latest offering from the boobs at Boeing. Rumor has it that Boeing has milked an exclusive contract out of the government for production of this plane, leaving nothing but hind tit for Lockheed, North American Rockwell and the rest.

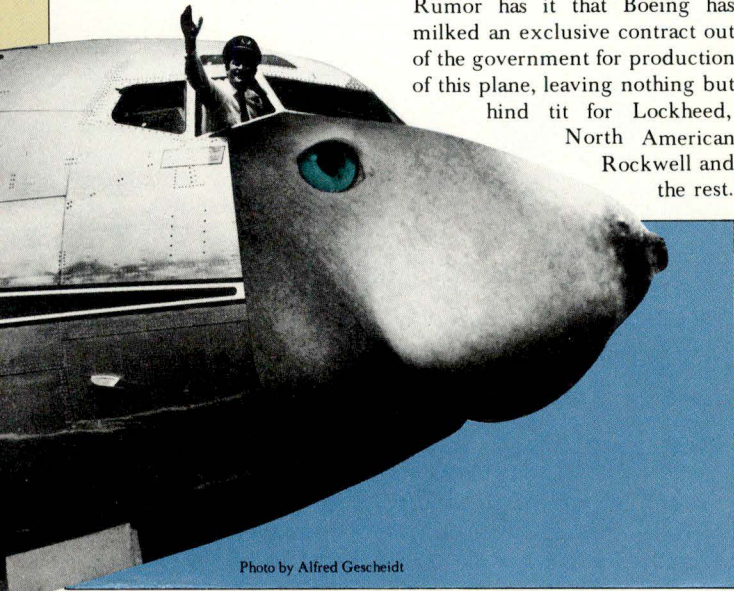


Photo by Alfred Gescheidt

UNHAND ME

It's bad enough being left-handed, but to be an amputee and have to give a hand job is an even worse predicament. So

Wink Job Sally had to learn to give head. Now Sally's mate really likes it when she peels back her patch.



LAP OF LUXURY

Tongues are wagging in one midwestern neighborhood, where the local garden club ladies managed to corner this rascal. Rumor has it that the DAR in that town is upset because the garden club won't share the wealth—instead they just sit on it.

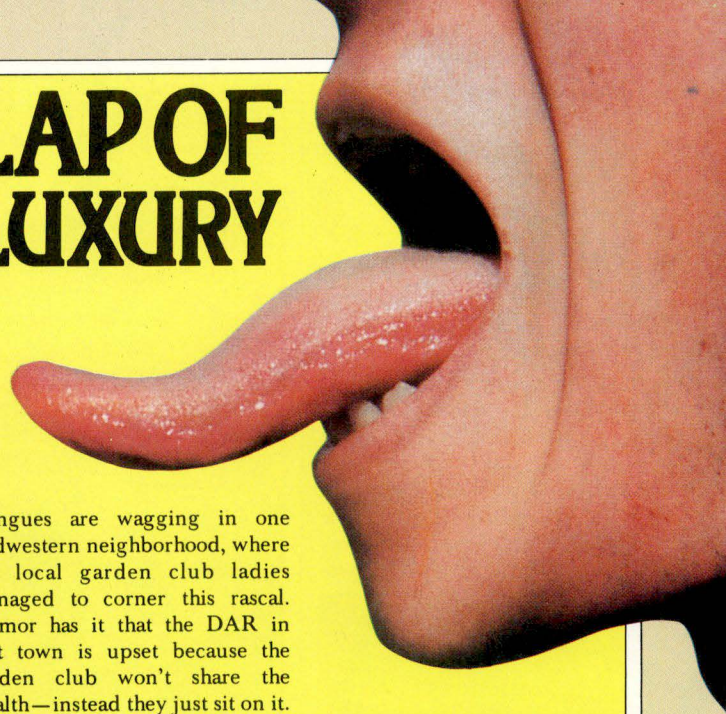


Photo by Nick Barker

Hot Shit

Considering that a lot of people in America don't have indoor toilets at all, \$12,000 might be a little steep for one crapper. But that's the price set by glue artist Larry Fuente, who created this mosaic dumpster. Glue artistry is not really a new movement—

remember kindergarten construction-paper projects?—but applying the art to johns is surely a new strain.

Who would shit in a toilet this expensive? Definitely not this maid, who prefers to communicate with the plumbing fixture in a more sensual manner. By the way, the maid is not for sale—but the toilet brush can be bought at any department store for \$2.98.



Agent 00Ms.

Is Gloria Steinem a CIA agent? Secret agents have stooped pretty low in the past, but using a vacuous cunt like Ms. Feminism for anything other than storing old microfilm is just too much. But it could be.

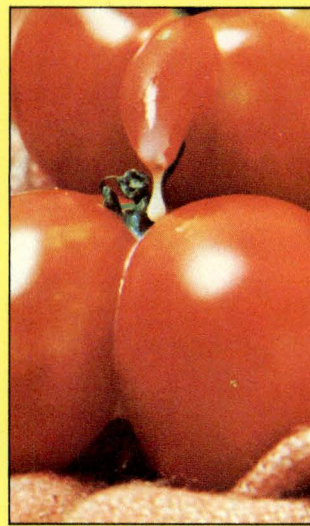
Steinem was director of the Independent Research Service from 1959 to 1962, during which time CIA funds were used by the organization to send Americans

to World Youth Festivals. The festivals were supported primarily by Soviet Union funds.

Almost all the young people who received aid from IRS knew nothing of the CIA connection. When Steinem first disclosed the CIA funding—in 1967—she beamed with typical female ignorance: "Far from being shocked by this involvement, I was happy to find some liberals in government in those days who were far-sighted and cared enough to get Americans of all political views to the [World Youth] festival." Smart, Gloria.

The involvement doesn't end there. According to Redstockings, a feminist group that had at least enough sense to jump in Steinem's shit about the CIA connection, the Independent Research Service compiled a pamphlet on people who attended one of the youth festivals, complete with a political profile on each person.

Steinem was hot for people to go to the festivals, found out about CIA funds and helped put the deal together. And it appears the CIA got its goods. Let's see, a woman accepting money from strange men for something they can't get on their own. Maybe Gloria didn't do it on purpose. Maybe it just comes naturally to a girl like her.



Herbal Essence

Somehow we can't bring ourselves to believe that what we're seeing in this picture actually happened. Why not? Because the male tomato doesn't appear close enough to the female tomato to achieve penetration. And another thing: Everybody knows that when a tomato gets its nut, it shoots seedy red juice. Could it be that Mother Nature is trying to tell us something?



BLANK UNDER THE COVER

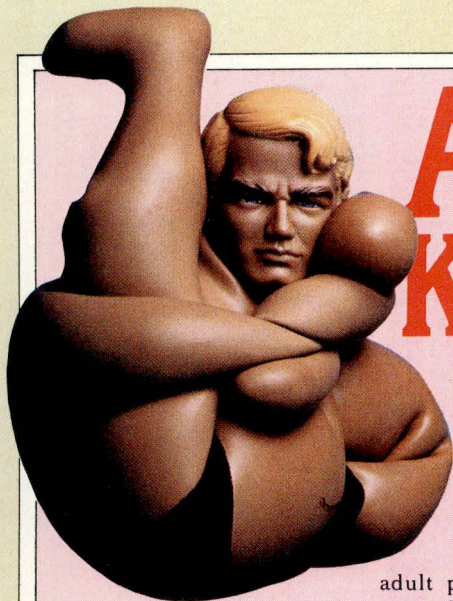
What's bizarre? Fucking in a sewer? Wearing a rubber on your tongue? Or watching a big butt competition? Nope! But that's what "Bizarre Sex No. 5," Kitchen Sink Enterprises' latest comic book, presents as the unusual. The only thing good about this paper-mill reject is Richard Corben's cover.

For truly unnatural kicks the HUSTLER staff would rather watch Monty Hall try to give away a llama to a woman dressed as a guitar pick on "Let's Make a Deal." But if you're in the habit of ignoring respectable critics' warnings, send eight bits to Krupp Comic Works, Inc., P. O. Box 7, Princeton, WI 54968.



"I caught Bobby using my buzz saw. I've got to punish him!"

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



ANOTHER KNOTTY TOY

Are you into watching people with a foot fetish? Would you like to see a guy fist-fuck himself or perform autofellatio or give himself a rim job? Well, the toy companies are once again pushing adult playthings as children's items. This time in the form of

Stretch Armstrong, the ultimate narcissist, a person who'd rather cop his own knob than have Farrah Fawcett-Majors do it for him. But, as this photo demonstrates, even Stretch can get caught up in his own game.

How can anyone deny that only twisted people would get off on this doll?

INVASION OF URANUS

They're here! Earth is being over-run by aliens from the planet Caca. This is not, repeat not, Orson Welles! Really! Tiny creatures landed near a sewage plant and are now crawling through the pipes and into the privacy of *your* bathroom. No, don't look! They may be very dangerous!

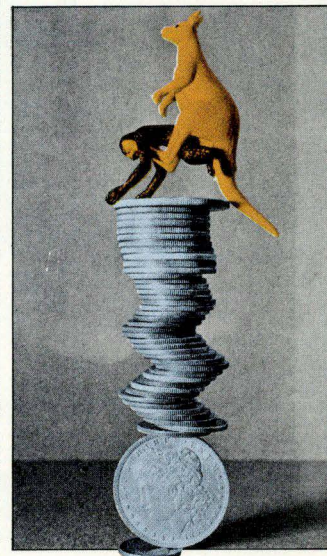
It is believed that the aliens home in on a signal transmitted by their accomplice, the Tidy Bowl man. This theory was given credence when authorities contacted the obnoxious little fucker and found him flushed with excitement.



SEX CHANGE

Alex Chervinsky has made the most of tight money by stacking it neatly on top of upright silver dollars or on the tip of a hard-on. This accomplishment is certainly nothing to sneeze at. But it must lead to the kind of mental stress that can only be relieved through a perverted pastime involving plastic animals.

Chervinsky, of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania, has been stacking coins for 25 years and is listed in the 1971 *Guinness Book of World Records*. We'd give up a chance at records to perch a stacked red-head on the tip of our cocks, and to hell with plastic toys that don't vibrate.



DEEP JAWS

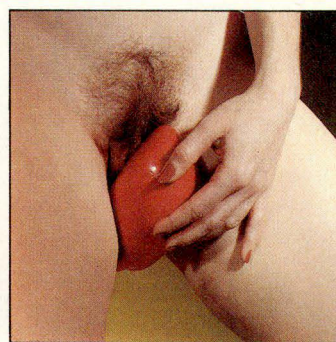
There are brave men out there who are not frightened by what they see in the movies and who will risk anything for pleasure. The bravest among them are those who crave sex from sharks, and they especially love to get head from these denizens of the deep.

This is part of the Ketchikan, Alaska, "Unjaws" ritual, which involves the catching, butchering, barbecuing and fucking of a seven-foot salmon shark. This fishy ceremony is climaxed by the burial of the movie *Jaws*.



SQUEEZE ME!

Are you tired of slipping it into something that's not half as tight as your hand? Tighten up your relationship with your old lady by putting her on a strict exercise program—under your supervision—with a new product aimed at building better boxes. The Gynecizer, developed by Vogue Laboratories Ltd., is designed to

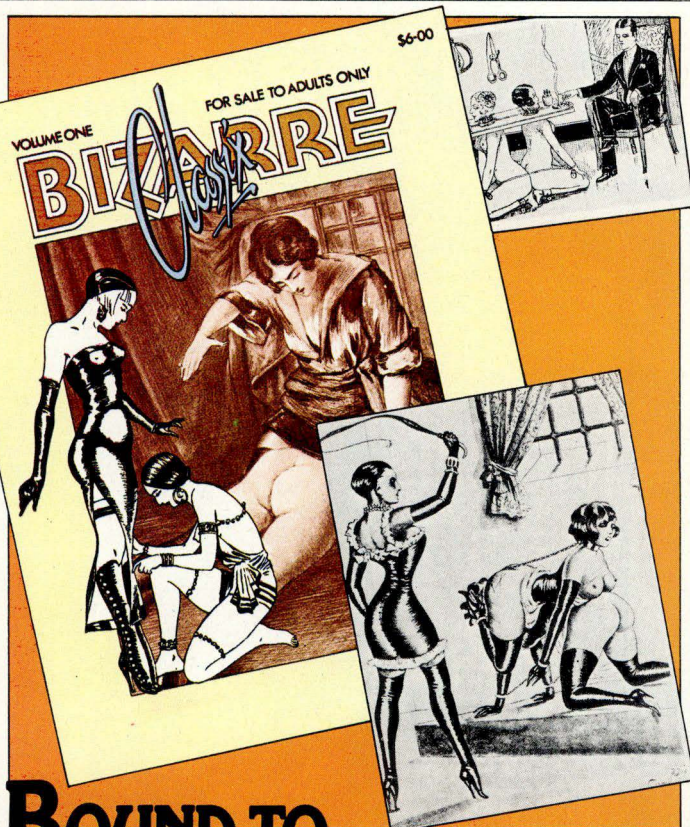


aid in strengthening the pubococcygeus muscles, commonly called the cunt.

Exercises, which are explained in a booklet that accompanies the device, can help solve constipation problems, aid women after

childbirth and women with urinary troubles. But mainly the Gynecizer tones the muscles that bring you off when you're fishing in your favorite indoor pond. Available for \$12.95 from Leisure Time Products, P. O.

Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216, the fish-shaped beaver builder can put you in touch with all sides of the feminine mystique. If your woman decides to use it, be sure to make regular checks on her progress.



BOUND TO PLEASE

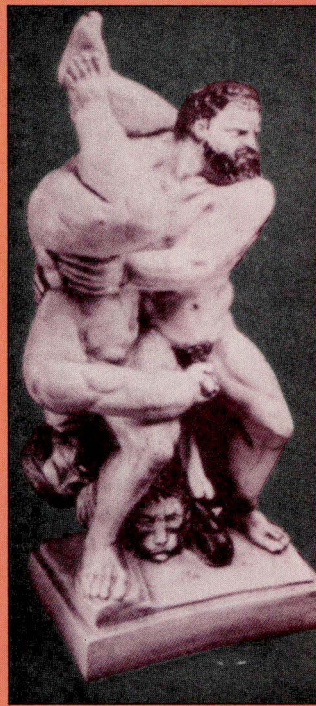
Do you know where your woman is tonight? If she's the type who can't be trusted out of your sight, maybe you could put your mind at ease by tying her up while you're still at home and have fun thumping her tits with a wooden mallet. If you're a novice who's just learning the ropes in the bondage game, you could probably use a few pointers from the old-timers.

Well, look no further than the photos and drawings in *Bizarre*

Classix, the latest publication from Belier Press, the folks who brought you the *Bizarre Comix* series. *Bizarre Classix* contains dozens of vintage bondage and flagellation pictures that depict both the fantasies and realities of b&d (bondage and discipline). The high-quality, slick publication is available for \$6, plus 50¢ postage, from Belier Press, P. O. Box "C", Gracie Station, New York, NY 10028.

With the help of this book and a few feet of sturdy rope, you can even learn how to turn your idle woman into a chair, table, hammock, footstool or a doorstep and put her to good use for a change.

COMING TO GRIPS



If HUSTLER had designed this sculpture and photographed it for publication, it would probably be considered obscene. But because some wop, Vincenzo de Rossi, fashioned it in 1592, it can stand as a work of art in Florence, Italy. Never mind that the statue depicts an unnatural act (if you have to ask what, you may have the making of a fine hairdresser).

Aside from its ever-so-sweet subject matter, the statue exhibits the same detail and realism that HUSTLER strives for in its own presentation of modern sexuality. Scholars agree that the primary purpose of erotica has always been to turn viewers on. Yet Vincenzo's work is enshrined in museums, while HUSTLER has not been able to make it into the A&P.

"The Wrestlers" (foot-high replicas at \$7.90 each, from The House Drane, 1400 N. Halsted Street, Chicago, Illinois 60607) is a forthright presentation of the grappling skills of the 16th century. HUSTLER (the real thing, \$1.95 at most newsstands) is an upfront and honest view of sex and life in the 70s.

If you have any interesting or unusual *Bits & Pieces* contributions, please pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$100 for pictures, news items, quips and stories that we publish in *Bits & Pieces*. HUSTLER buys all rights on material accepted for publication and will keep all material purchased. Submissions we don't use will be returned if they're accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For June, \$100 each goes to Gary Hallgren, T. Herlinger, Frank J. Mader, Charles V. Mathis, Gen Nishino, R. T. P. and George R. Pisani.

A man and a woman are operating a large, black, mechanical vacuum enlargin machine. The man, on the left, is shirtless, has a beard, and is wearing tan boots. He is holding the handle of the machine. The woman, on the right, is wearing a red, low-cut dress and high heels. She is also holding the handle of the machine. The machine has a large, black, cylindrical body with a fan-like structure on top. The background is plain white.

That depends on where you're coming from.

A man will go to any extreme to increase the size of his penis. While for others, having a large penis means nothing more than carrying excess baggage. After all, it's not what you got but how you use it.

On paper, that sounds fine. But let's be honest. Regardless of what the so-called experts say, a large penis can have positive psychological effects.

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So some men might still believe that it's not the size of the sword but the swordsman. Well, we won't argue that point, but wouldn't you rather go into battle with a lance than a dagger?

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Sex Play

by Marco Vassi

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long a time. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles that will increase your sexual knowledge, lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—make you a better lover.

When I was growing up in the medieval atmosphere of the Italian-Catholic ghetto of East Harlem in New York City, getting a tattoo was equivalent to marrying a Protestant, becoming an atheist, Communist, pervert or dope fiend. By the time I turned 35, since I'd already accomplished all the latter, I decided it was time for a tattoo.

It took me three months to compose the design, a half-inch symbol consisting of concentric circles and jagged lines that I fancied provided a unique key to the mysterious world of the occult. It was to go on the inside of my left forearm, and I asked a trusted friend if he would do the honors.

Timothy was a gifted amateur, and he employed the "jailhouse" technique: wrapping three sewing needles together with thread and dipping the tips into India ink to provide the stain. The process was tedious and painful, taking almost four hours. But it was a labor of love, and when it was done I felt that I had undergone a powerful initiation rite into a strange new world.

A tattoo, I soon learned, has a life of its own. It is clearly a part of the person and yet it is clearly an alien entity imposed upon the body. I came to look upon my tattoo with real affection, especially during those moments when, having forgotten about it, I would "rediscover" it in the shower or upon waking up in the morning. It was unobtrusive enough not to attract undue attention and yet visible enough to draw occasional comments and questions.

"What is that?" some bright young thing would ask.

"Why, my dear, it's a key to the ancient mysteries," I would reply and before long be whispering tales of Gurdjieff in her ear while slipping my hand under the elastic of her panties.

My next encounter with tattooing was meeting Spider Webb, one of the authen-



TATTOO TRIPPING

tic geniuses of the art. He is a dedicated artist who views tattooing as more than just body design; to him it represents a heavy relationship between himself and the person he is working on. It is a profound erotic contact.

"In a way, it's very s&m," he says. "Cutting into flesh with steel, and all that. You can fuck somebody and it can be great, but a month or a year later it isn't even a mere memory anymore. But if somebody spends an hour with me, they are changed for life. Wherever they go, whatever they do, they carry the result of my needlework

in their living skin. It's deeper than almost any other encounter that I know of."

Spider, who looks like a tall leprechaun, runs a tattoo parlor in Mount Vernon, New York. Since tattooing has such a bad name in the United States, linked as it is with circus freaks and drunken sailors on a spree, it's illegal in many places, including New York City. So Spider has to operate just outside the city limits. His place looks something like a dentist's office, complete with the electric needle that sounds like a drill, the bandages, cotton balls, bottles of antiseptic. The major difference is the shelf with inks. There are about a dozen colors, and they are placed into cartridges that are easily inserted into the machine that runs the needle. An average tattoo takes about an hour and can run from \$25 to \$100 or more, depending largely on the time and work involved. The process involves literally dyeing the lowest layers of skin cells so that they remain permanently altered. When the tattoo is finished, a scab forms and must be kept oiled until it falls off, about a week later.

I asked Spider to do my second tattoo, a three-inch stylized cunt in three colors, just below the navel. I did it for several reasons: to decorate my body, to create a sensation on the beach and to make a statement about my erotic self-definition. I have been actively bisexual since age 15, and I thought that this would be an ideal way of proclaiming it.

Ironically, on the day I got my tattoo, Spider also had a job putting nipples on a woman whose own nipples had been surgically removed. She had suffered a spinal injury in a car wreck, and her tits were so large that the weight was exerting pressure on her neck. To alleviate the pain, her breasts were cut down to size through surgery. Her nipples were lost in the process. Spider was giving her new ones. He has even tattooed a navel on a

woman born without a belly button: "It makes you feel like God, you know." When I walked into his office, he muttered, "Nipples and cunts! What a day!"

I had gone with a girlfriend, and afterward she took me to a friend's house to visit. The tattoo began to work its magic at once. For, naturally, she told her girlfriend about the design, and I undid my pants to show it off, and the discussion turned to bisexuality and related things. Before we knew it we were comparing cunts and rolling easily and spontaneously into a delicious threesome. At one point, I was kneeling on the bed with the two women lying before me, kissing, their legs spread wide as I finger-fucked them. I glanced down at my belly, where my newly tattooed cunt, still gleaming with oil I'd used to help healing, seemed to smile wickedly in the low light. The tattoo had begun to pay for itself.

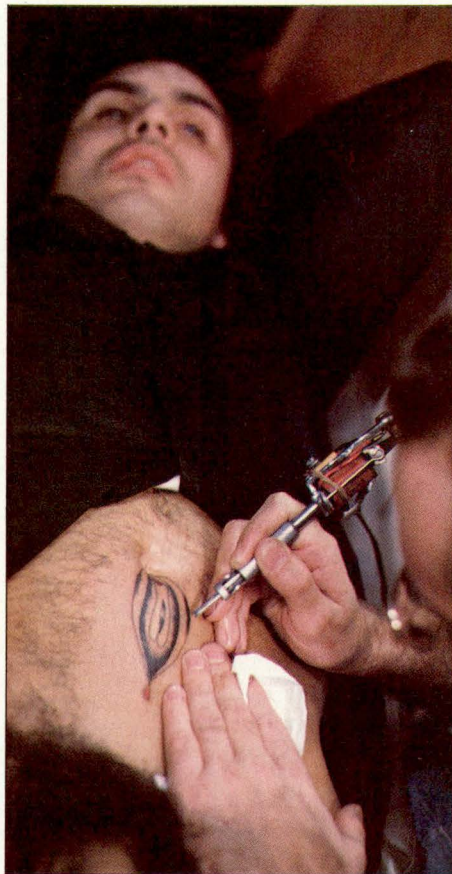
The art of tattooing is quite ancient and appears in practically all cultures. Short of plastic surgery, it is the ultimate in cosmetics. Aside from any religious or cultural significance it might have, it is a highly sensual trip. It makes a person more intriguing to others, and it makes one aware of his or her body in a very special way.

One doesn't approach a tattoo lightly. The operation itself is rather painful, although not nearly as bad as having a tooth drilled without Novocain. Also, it is permanent, so you spend a lot of time thinking about what you want and where you want it. This provides a sharp focus for self-examination. You find that you examine yourself in very searching ways. This alone makes you more sensitive. Then, once it is done, the tattoo becomes a constant reminder of that process of awareness, keeping you in touch with that aspect of yourself. Also, other people relate to you differently. The tattoo becomes a conversation piece, a picture that is worth a thousand words.

One is limited in scope only by the total area of skin on the entire body, the "canvas" as Spider calls it. You can stop at a discreet flower on the ankle or go into something more extreme. One woman I know has an almost complete mask composed of black lines on her face, including a pencil moustache and dots above her eyebrows. This makes her an object of ridicule to some people, but a rare beauty to many others.

Then there is a man, a rather successful executive, who is tattooed everywhere—including his cock—except in those spots that clothes don't cover—his face, throat and hands. Dressed in a business suit at his

office, he is totally "normal" looking. But when he starts to take his clothes off, an extraordinary canvas of color and shape emerges, at once startling and compelling. It is impossible not to be fascinated. He says that his favorite technique with women is to invite them to his apartment and during the course of an evening take



off his tie and unbutton his shirt. The woman sees the top of the tattoo field, grows curious, and by the time her curiosity is completely satisfied, he is totally naked. From there, he notes, the procedure is simple and standard.

With all this, the inevitable question is still raised: What are the drawbacks? And how does one guard against them?

The most obvious, of course, is what happens if you change your mind and don't want it anymore. Well, short of a skin graft, there isn't too much that can be done. The solution here is to make your first tattoo a tiny one and to place it in a relatively inconspicuous spot. A heart on your thigh or a butterfly on your arm isn't going to cause too much grief even if you decide you'd rather be without it. It is recommended that you do not put your current girlfriend or boyfriend's name on your chest.

The next danger is putting yourself in the hands of a clumsy tattooist. You might suffer infection, even blood poisoning.


And you might end up with an ugly tattoo, done with uneven lines and garish colors. The best way to guard against this is to go to someone whose work you have seen. In the studio, have him show you photographs of his work. And look the premises over carefully. You can tell if a place is clean, whether the man uses alcohol to sterilize his needles, and so forth. Don't be embarrassed to talk to him, to get a feel of where his head is at, to find out whether he is really an artist or just some hack who learned how to wield a needle.

If you follow these simple guidelines, you will find that getting a tattoo is one of the most memorable experiences of your life. And it will be a kind of time marker and statement of permanence. Eventually, you will discover that the tattoo becomes a part of your very identity. And, of course, it is appealing to those who have not seen it before. It is always an entree into interesting conversation, and more.

My most fantastic tattoo experience happened with a woman who had a huge Buddha tattooed on her belly. I had met her at a party, and she saw the tattoo on my arm and we began discussing the subject. She told me about her Buddha and I told her about my vagina, so we went off to her apartment to show each other our artworks. Of course, one thing led to another and she decided she had to eat my "cunt." I reciprocated and before long was stretched between her legs licking and sucking with great abandon.

A bit drunk and stoned and carried away with the novelty of being with a new woman, I forgot about her tattoo. But, at one point, when I opened my eyes I was overwhelmed by the apparition before me. It seemed that I had been transported into a vast meditation hall and that I was lying before a wondrous image of Buddha.

What startled me more than anything was the fact that the Buddha was *moving*. It took me perhaps 10 or 15 seconds to remember that this was a tattoo on a woman's stomach and that the movement came from her breathing. All of my erotic, spiritual and psychophysical truths came together in a great rush, and I settled into her again, this time keeping in touch with both what I smelled and tasted as well as what I saw and understood. I had the rare—and perhaps unique—bliss of engaging in a very intimate carnal act while feasting my eyes on this symbol of supreme enlightenment.

I'm not saying that this sort of thing happens all the time, but for those who enter the world of tattooing, even in a small way, many strange, exotic and captivating experiences become possible. 



"If you think I'm going down there unarmed, Consuelo, you're nuts."

DO PETS REALLY LOOK LIKE THEIR OWNERS?

Choosing a pet is like selecting the right woman for a date.

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X

RATED REVIEWS

Scenes from *Desires*: star-studded erotic entertainment at its best.



MOVIES

by Larry Wichman

DESIRES WITHIN YOUNG GIRLS

Desires Within Young Girls—a story of high society promiscuity—sounds like just another pedestrian sex film, but it is a movie with substance.

To begin with, this West Coast production features the finest, sauciest actresses in porn today: Annette Haven, Abigail Clayton and the devilish Miss Jones, Georgina Spelvin. Haven, with her pearly-white skin, voluptuous breasts and cock-handling ability, is certainly the sex-

HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will fill you in and keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, as many porno films are censored to conform with "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly what you see. We suggest you check with your theater before going, to make sure you are buying the genuine article.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION!

If this one doesn't get it up, you are probably dead because it is almost a constant turn-on.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. However, it can still be beat.



HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

ual powerhouse of the film. However, Spelvin, who plays a once-wealthy widow trying to marry off her daughters (Haven and Clayton), is unsurpassed in the acting category. Spelvin would be a welcome addition to any cast, but in a movie like *Desires*, with meaty dialog, she absolutely shines.

The plot of *Desires Within Young Girls* presents a balance of sexual and nonsexual scenes. Most porn flicks use mechanical transitions to get to the sex scenes, but *Desires* utilizes its nonsexual scenes to develop its characters. Thus, the characters become personalities we can identify with, and for a reviewer of porn flicks, who constantly sees flat, lifeless characterizations, this movie is like the proverbial breath of fresh air.



In the pubic pocket: Heat Wave's cunttortionist Fanny Wolfe snatches the eight ball with her elastic flaps.

There's nothing amateurish about this film. The sets are excellent and the photography is superb. And the camera work manages to capture a warm, glowing texture of color that easily carries the few weaker scenes of this movie. For example, the camera angles play up the overall beauty of a lesbian encounter sequence between Joan Devlon and Bonnie Holiday instead of merely limiting the sex act to a close-up of the genital area. As a consequence, the viewer is treated to a sensuous scene depicting an erotic, intimate exchange of pleasure rather than an exploitative homosexual free-for-all.

Desires also features a couple of new actresses worth mentioning: two extremely beautiful nymphets—Sabrina and Stacy Evans. These two don't look a day past 18 and prove they know their sex when they combine quims to titillate the pants off Robert Metz in a seduction sequence you'll wish you could have been part of.

Normally, viewers of porn films get treated to sloppy celluloid erotica, and when a movie like *Desires Within Young Girls* comes along, it's time to celebrate. Though the flick is considered long by porn standards (97 minutes), it is well worth the extra time.

HEAT WAVE

Heat Wave, from the makers of *Fantasex* and *Farewell Scarlet* (my all-time favorite), is a sure bet for hard-core connoisseurs of fuck flicks who want their money's worth. The movie is a series of vignettes tied together by the presence of a magician/specter named Scratchit (Mal Cross), who represents the libido. Timeless being that he is, Scratchit pops in and out of people's lives, prompting them to satisfy their lustful hunger. This film is obviously based on the premise that everyone in the world is horny.

First, Scratchit helps out an office worker who's been after a secretary's ass, then a housewife who is momentarily infatuated with a delivery boy and then a frustrated father who takes a fancy to his babysitter. Titillating tales follow in rapid succession, until at last this bawdy phantom offers his helping hand to the audience—and by this time you'll wish he *were* capable of helping you fulfill some of your desires.

Heat Wave doesn't offer much in the way of big-name female talent, but some unique casting choices have been made. Sharon McBain, playing the housewife who

humps the Spic delivery boy, is exceptionally pretty and adept at her work. The babysitter, Ursula Austin, is not as striking as McBain but is equally arousing. Austin has the high, firm tits of a teenager, and she brings back memories of your hot high school days. And then there's Fanny Wolfe, a bizarre female in the cast who can actually tie her cunt lips in a knot—an ability that she displays graphically in *Heat Wave*'s final fuck scene.

Fanny plays a social worker who dreams of being gangbanged by a group of bikers. She imagines herself dancing in a topless bar, as Hell's Angels types grope at Fanny's breasts and eat her elastic lips while bathing her body in beer—a symbolic, though quite erotic, golden-shower sequence. Before they hump Fanny, the bikers set her up on a pool table and line up the kinkiest pool shot you'll ever see. It's a combination shot that sends the eight ball rolling right to where Fanny can envelop it with her long, luscious labia. You simply won't believe it.

However, not all of the sex scenes come off, especially the lesbian love scene in which Gloria Leonard, the teacher, seduces her pupil, Nina. I've found that lesbian sex scenes

work best when plot tension builds to them. But *Heat Wave*'s lack of plot makes the sequence extremely shallow, even poor, by porn standards. Nevertheless, if you got off on *Fantasex*, you'll enjoy this film because the basic structure and pacing of the two films are almost identical.

CANDYLIPS

Candylips is a fuck film of such inconsistent quality that it can only be described as sweet-and-sour smut. One minute it has your blood rushing with anticipation and the next minute you might as well be numb below the waist.

The sad thing about *Candylips* is that it had first-rate sex film potential. Neither the script nor the plot—which traces a woman's search for sex-without-guilt from childhood to middle age—is bad, but the film fails for other reasons. The opening sequence, for instance, shows luscious Suzie Humphrees (*HUSTLER*, May 1976), the film's star, giving Ras Kean a blow job. The scene is shot downward from Kean's shoulders, a very erotic angle that allows each member of the audience to imagine that Suzie's hungrily sucking *his* cock. But just when things start getting good, Suzie pulls her mouth away from the guy's member and begins to narrate the story. The sudden shift from sex to narration leaves you as limp as George Wallace.

This sexual roller coaster ride loses credibility from scene to scene. Though Suzie Humphrees is a "new face" in porn, she is in her early 30s. When we are shown a flashback to her childhood, we don't expect the same 30-year-old to play herself. But she does and we don't buy it. However, she does appear in the only scene worth mentioning—a very explicit butt-fucking sequence.

Normally, a large cast enhances a fuck flick, but in this production the large cast only detracts from the product. So, by trying to employ 13 actors and actresses—including Gloria Leonard, Marlene Willoughby and Terry Austin, to name a few—too many sex scenes were required. Ultimately, the overkill destroys the film's pacing, making it a bore.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SEX

The Spirit of Seventy-Sex is a Bicentennial fuck film that turns the clock back 200 years to a time when, instead of fighting for independence, our founders were fucking their powdered wigs off. In a series of sketches that's held together by a grumpy old narrator, Ebenezer K. Bartholomew, America's national heroes are depicted as hot, randy lovers. First, George and Martha Washington (Tyler Reynolds and Annette Haven) stir things up under a cherry tree, then old horny

Ben Franklin (John Toland) puts his latest invention, the dildo, to work on a maiden's muff. Before the film has ended, Paul Revere has been exposed as a lush who rode his girlfriend on the famous midnight ride, and John Smith (John Holmes) earns his reputation as the biggest John in the colonies.

One of the hottest scenes in the film features that lovely redhead, Annette Haven. Annette's been around for years but has never looked more scrumptious. She beds down on a hillside with Tyler Reynolds and doesn't come up for air until she's given the audience an eyeful.

For the most part, *Spirit* is a light, breezy piece of porn with a humorous script and a lot of sex. Once the fucking and sucking start, however, all the clowning stops, and there's enough no-nonsense, hardcore footage to keep the Redcoats coming for days. It contains more than a few laughs, is well photographed and features many lovely women. Unfortunately, about halfway through the film, the action begins to drag and the script loses much of its sharp,

imaginative quality. But it remains "cute" to the end, and if you're looking for a film that's not too rough—one you can take your girlfriend to—give this one a try.

PEACH FUZZ

The turn-on quality of most porn flicks usually suffers because of an unimaginative or pretentious plot. Luckily, *Peach Fuzz*—the story of how one man seduces a professor's daughter in order to get at the prof's mistress—has a solid, creative plot that enhances its eroticism. And to top it off—there is a lot of pure, unadulterated sex in this flick.

Jean Dalton stars as the professor's mistress, the object of student Jeffrey Hurst's wet dreams, and though I've rarely found any of Jean's previous performances inspiring, she is quite captivating this time. But the film's biggest surprise is Hope Stockton, who portrays the professor's hot daughter. Hope is an alluring blonde who can handle a prick as well as a line—something she proves in what has to be the hottest sex scene in the movie. Her torrid lovemaking with Hurst takes place before a fireplace in a secluded cabin. Between the sensuous effect of the dancing flames that light the scene and that of Hope's talented tongue (which lights Hurst's desires), you'll wish you could own your own isolated cabin for a night of unbridled fucking.

There is one problem with *Peach Fuzz*, however, and it lies in the production quality. Evidently, there just weren't enough greenbacks available to do everything that the producers had planned. But as I've said, *Peach Fuzz* is pure, unadulterated sex with a plot that will keep you awake. Discriminating moviegoers will say that this flick has class.

One word of advice: Don't leave the theater before the surprise ending.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.

Erection

3 A.M.
Autobiography of a Flea Diversions
Expose Me, Lovely Femmes de Sade
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Midnight Desires
The Opening of Misty Beethoven
Sweet Cakes
Through a Looking Glass

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde Velvet
Candy's Candy
China de Sade
The Double Exposure of Holly
The New York City Woman
Sex Wish
The Starlets
That Lady from Rio
The Joy of Letting Go

Half-Erect

The Affairs of Janice
Blowdry
Easy Alice
Les Nympho Teens
Love in Strange Places
Mary! Mary!
The Porn Brokers
The Sinful Pleasures of Reverend Star
Teenage Twins
Tonight We Love

One-Quarter Erect

Funk
Inside Marilyn Chambers
Kinkorama
The Story of O
Sweet Punkin
A Touch of Sex
The Trouble with Young Stuff

Totally Limp

The Devil in Miss Jones
(Censored version)
Let My Puppets Come
Patty Snuff



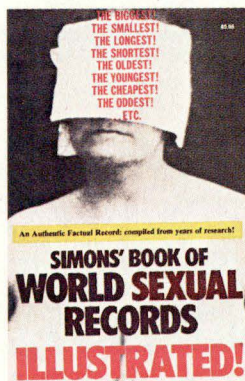
Jeffrey Hurst and French girl find a common language in *Peach Fuzz*.

HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE

World Sexual Records

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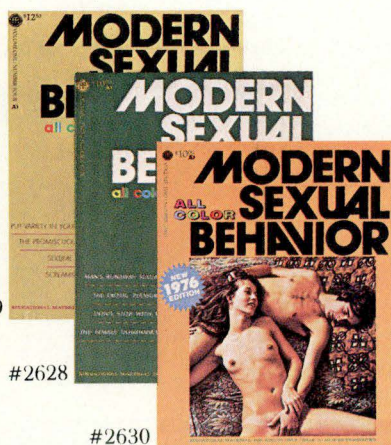
No. 2641 \$5.75



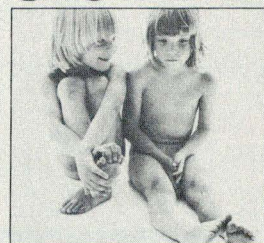
Modern Sexual Behavior

This package of three instructive volumes explores scientific findings and presents them in entertaining layman's terms. The books come complete with full-color explicit photos that leave nothing to the imagination. Each book picks up where the last one leaves off, revealing techniques in modern sexual behavior.

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No. 2629 \$12.50
No. 2630 \$10
No. 2616 \$28 (set of 3)



Show Me!



A Picture Book of Sex for Children and Parents
Photography and Captions by Will McBride
Explanatory Text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt

Show Me!

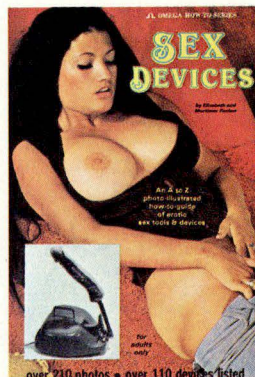
This is the last word in photographically explicit sex manuals for children. The text, by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt, answers every question a child could possibly pose, and the photography by Will McBride is as artistic as it is informative. Highly recommended for its realistic approach to what is often an awkward subject.

No. 2605 \$12.95

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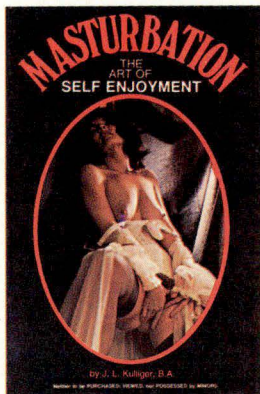
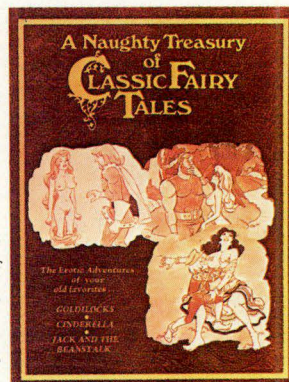
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Edited by Michael Toohey

PAVEMENT PRINCESSES

By Kathy Woods
Fawcett Publications
P. O. Box 1014
Greenwich, CT 06830
\$1.50 paperback

They are students, housewives, runaways and mothers. Their backgrounds are poor, rich, happy and tragic. Yet all these women have something in common—they make a living fucking truckers.

Truckers may enjoy their image as super-he-men barreling down the highways, but underneath it all they have the same needs and desires as do insurance salesmen. Truck stops offer the diversions that are necessary during long hauls: food, fuel, a shower and women ready to tangle with a real man.

Pavement Princesses tells the stories of 16 women who heed the call of the road by spreading in a cab. Most of them are satisfied with their roles as truck-stop prostitutes. Take Jonelle, who worked as a call girl until she got tired of having her pimp and the cops take all the profits. The \$15-\$25 she gets now for a trick is nothing compared to what she got walking the streets, but at least she gets to keep it all. Susan, a wealthy Smith graduate, received the call when she stopped for cigarettes on an interstate. A friendly trucker showed her his Reo and then she discovered the thrill of rough handling—and awakened sexuality:

"We undressed like animals tearing at one another until he shoved his big cock into me to the hilt. I reached under him and felt his massive scrotum and massaged him . . . This, combined with the heavy thrusts of his cock, sent me into three, four, five, I

don't remember exactly how many orgasms . . . When he came, he spat in my mouth and the cab seemed to heave with his weight."

Only afterward did she discover that he thought she was a hooker.

Even Kathy Woods, the author, succumbed to trucker charm. What at first appears to be a sociological survey rapidly degenerates into tales of passion, until eventually, caught up in the excitement that she records, Kathy herself begins a search for the ideal trucker fuck.

However, not all of the women interviewed are hookers. Kitty and Luanne (a truck-stop owner and a waitress) provide an interesting and poignant view of the truckers and the girls. But everyone in the book agrees that gearjammers are the best johns: well hung, quick to please and generally without perversion. And that is something you can't say about your average insurance salesman today.

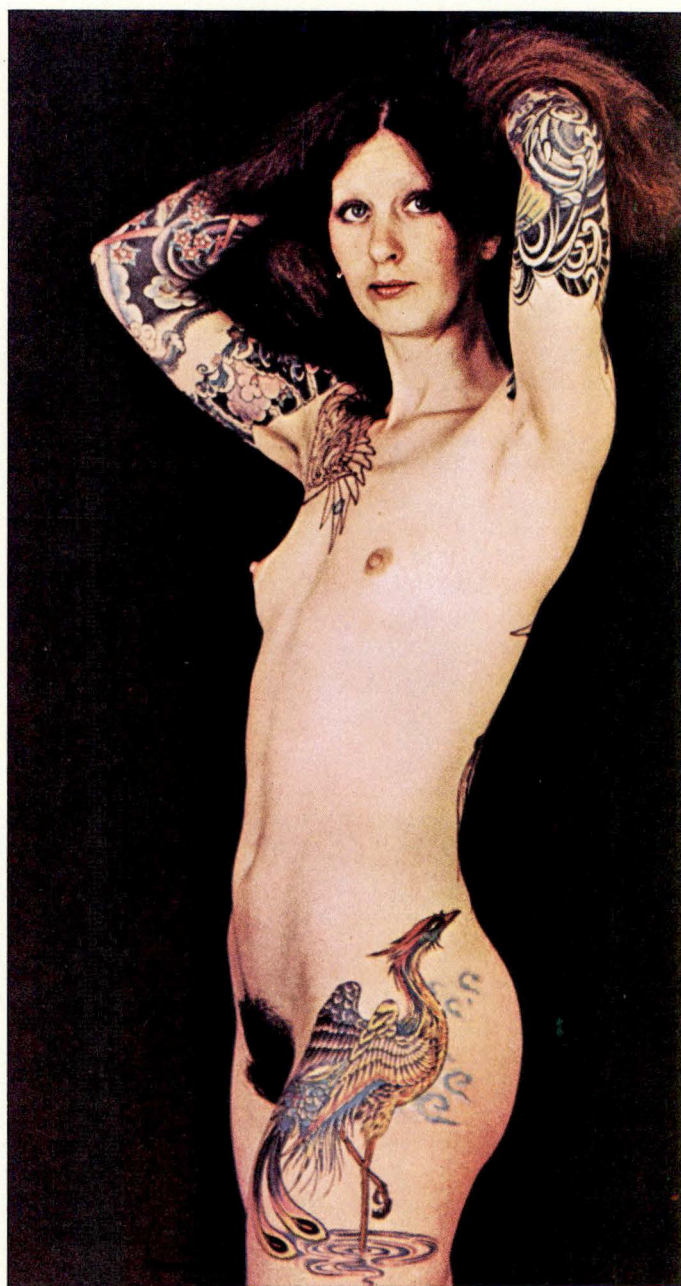
—Pat Ryan

THE TATTOOISTS

Written and published by:
Albert L. Morse
819 Eddy St.
San Francisco, CA 94109
\$30
(\$35 after July 1, 1977)

Available from the publisher
and at tattoo parlors

"As far as unusual tattoos are concerned, I have tattooed a couple of hundred penises in my lifetime," states Jack Armstrong. "Sure, some guys get off on it. I had a cat who wanted me to tattoo a dot on his cock. He asked the price and I told him it would cost him \$10 and \$20 if he came and, sure enough, he came. In a year's time, he must have had me put 100 dots on his cock." A professional tattooist for more than 30 years, Jack



Are tattoos a turn-on? Not always, say the men who wield the needle.

Armstrong is full of bizarre stories. So are Davy Jones, Bert Grimm, Doc Webb and the rest of the artists who are featured in Albert L. Morse's *The Tattooists*.

Lyle Tuttle, for example, was the one who tattooed a heart on Janis Joplin's tit, beginning the current fad of tattoos for "respectable" women. Peter Poulos, a Colorado tattooist, says, "About 50 percent of my business in Denver is tattooing women." And although a tattoo is often considered an aphrodisiac for the eyes, many tattooists deny any

outright connection between their art and sex. In the light of some of the photographs and true-life accounts in this book, the argument that tattoos—especially those on women—are essentially non-sexual is hard to swallow (for an in-depth discussion of tattoos and sex, see *Tattoo Tripping*, in this issue's *Sex Play*).

In preparing to write this book, Morse interviewed dozens of practicing American tattooists and photographed some of their work. When he couldn't find a publisher interested in his book, he de-

cided to publish and distribute it himself. Morse has produced a beautiful book: colorful, informative and different from any other tattoo book presently on the market.

AS A WOMAN

By Barry Kay
St. Martin's Press, Inc.
175 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10010
\$8.95

You'd no more expect to find transsexuals and transvestites in Sydney, Australia, than you would on Parris Island. The *macho* image is so firmly entrenched in Aussie men that it's something of a shock to look through stage designer and photographer Barry Kay's book *As a Woman* and find a gallery of roughnecks in

rouge and false eyelashes.

It seems that Sydney has become a mecca for transsexuals and tvs. Nobody knows exactly why, but these days all-male revues are the hottest thing in nightclubs Down Under. And a colony of transsexuals from all over the world has descended upon Sydney and mixed with the local cross-dressing population to create a sort of featherboa chic. At one point in his book, Kay reports that Australian kids are stopping in at the local pharmacy for hormone pills (legal over the counter there) in order to experience the "elegance" of becoming a she-man.

Some of the "women" in Kay's book—about three in a hundred—are chic. The others range from grotesque to pathetic. If you've seen Australian men, you'll get the

picture. Their weathered horsefaces simply cannot be made up into attractive facsimiles of women. In the same way, you couldn't expect to cover Sammy Davis, Jr., with flour and turn him into a WASP.

Kay notes that many anthropologists believe that transvestism takes root in societies in which masculine virtues are highly prized. Certainly, Australia has always been a bastion of hairy-chested, beer-swilling hooligans—and the men there are pretty tough, too.

Perhaps the current flamingo uprising in Sydney is part of a new international homosexual conspiracy. Or maybe Australia's shark-infested waters have recently cranked out an abnormally high number of sopranos. For whatever reason, one more ballsy citadel has fallen.

—Michael Sheeter

HIS WEIRD AND WANTON WAYS

The Secret Life of
Howard Hughes
By Richard Mathison
William Morrow and
Company, Inc.
6 Henderson Drive
West Caldwell, NJ 07006
\$8.95

In his later years, Howard Hughes was called ingenious, reclusive, bashful—everything but crazy. But that's one of the advantages of wealth: Madness is passed off as mere eccentricity. Had he been a few billion dollars poorer, Hughes would no doubt have spent his golden years drooling down the front of a state-issued straitjacket.

To conclude that Hughes was nuts, you need only look at the evidence presented in Richard Mathison's *His Weird and Wanton Ways*, which documents the last two decades of the billionaire's mysterious life. Most of the

book's information is drawn from the experiences of Jeff Chouinard, who was Hughes's chief security man for 18 years, until the "Old Man's" death. During those years, Chouinard was personally closer to Hughes than anyone else. Chouinard was also in a position to observe Hughes's madness firsthand, since it was part of his job to carry out many of the Old Man's insane schemes.

One of Chouinard's primary responsibilities was keeping tabs on Hughes's harem of starlet-mistresses, who were housed in a grand manner in exchange for their services. Chouinard and his men maintained 24-hour surveillance of Howard's girlfriends—who numbered in the dozens—not only to ensure their fidelity but to keep them untainted by germs. Eventually, however, the Old Man's fear of contamination drove him to forego sex—along with haircuts, bathing, fingernail trims and clothes.

Even toilets were numbered among the many things that filled Hughes with fear, and for a time he pissed in jars and ordered them to be saved. They were neatly stacked in the garage at the Bel Air chateau in which Hughes was hiding at the time. Occasionally, the Old Man would send one of his underlings out to the garage to "count the jars," a job that was no less pleasant than that of carting Howard's turds down to the UCLA Medical School every morning for analysis.

Peculiar anecdotes such as these make interesting reading, to be sure. And in the light of recent revelations about the Old Man's madness (such as those contained in Ron Kistler's book *I Caught Flies for Howard Hughes*), it's easy to accept these crazy tales as fact. If nothing else, *His Weird and Wanton Ways* will make you appreciate sanity—something no amount of money can buy.



Alice: one of the most captivating she-males to be found Down Under.

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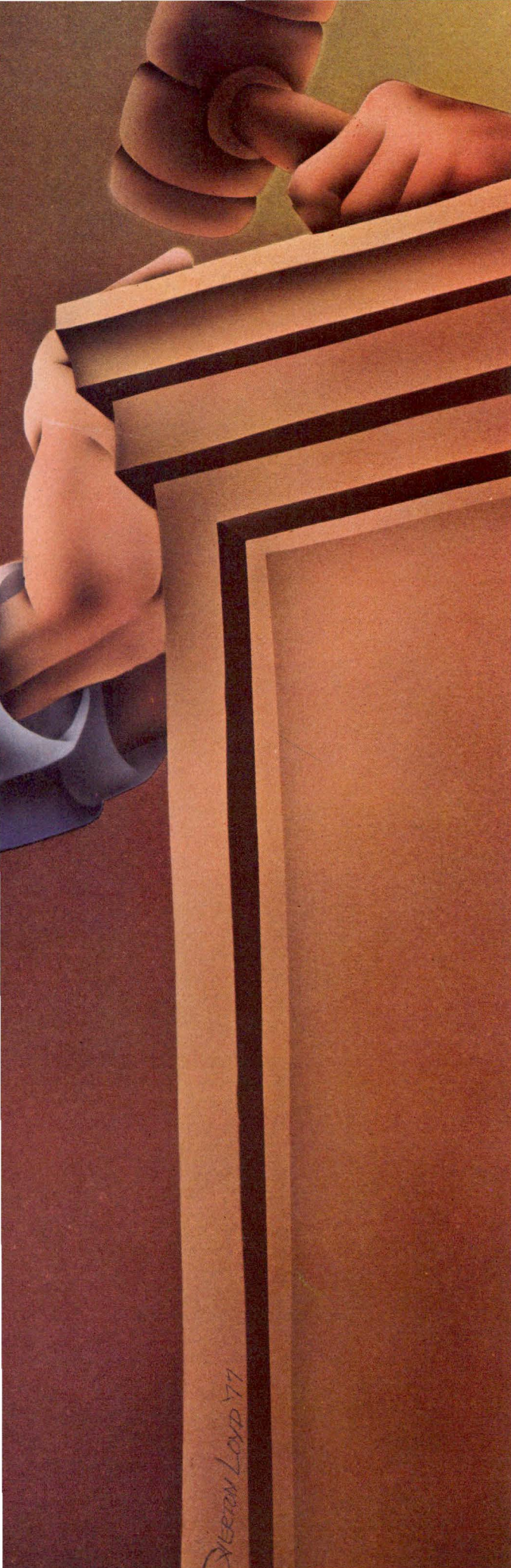
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HUSTLER ON TRIAL

REPORT BY BRUCE DAVID

Cincinnati is a river city that was founded in 1788, of which Winston Churchill once said, "It's the most beautiful inland city in America." After spending 14 months in Columbus, the rolling hills on which Cincinnati is built do make it seem attractive. It is referred to variously as the Queen City, the Queen of the West and the City of Seven Hills. It is this last title that prompted HUSTLER staffers to label Columbus the City of Seven Flat Places.

My first trip to Cincinnati was in a rented car in a snowstorm with Dwaine Tinsley, our insane Humor and Cartoon Editor, behind the wheel. HUSTLER's Managing Editor, Jim Heinisch, and I stared out the snow-blanketed windshield in quiet horror. Despite the layer of snow covering the unsalted road, Tinsley gave further proof of his tenuous grip on reality by keeping the speedometer at 60, which, by the way, is five miles over the legal speed limit even when it's not snowing. Fortunately, I'd had the forethought to bring along a bottle of Remy Martin that we passed back and forth.

We were racing to Cincinnati to lend our support to a rally being held by Ohioans for a Free Press (OFP) in support of Larry, who, as it happened, was financing Ohioans for a Free Press. What is one to make of that?

Well, for one thing, Flynt seems to have a knack for dealing with the media, and since the rally was happening just days before the start of the HUSTLER trial one could assume that the event would be somewhat self-serving. A gag order had been issued so Larry couldn't say anything directly involving the trial, but he certainly wasn't prohibited from

commenting on the First Amendment and its relationship to him. Likewise, Larry made no pretense about who was supporting OFP, admitting simply that he was concerned about the survival of the First Amendment in Ohio. Considering the circumstances, we can assume he was telling the truth.

The Cincinnati newspapers had refused to run the ads announcing the OFP rally, and we were making this 100-mile trek through a blizzard to help pad out the crowd and to offer moral support. All of this puts a strain on running a magazine, which is why we were using the trip to interview Mark Hecker from *Head* magazine for the Art Director's position at HUSTLER (recently vacated by Roger Carpenter, who upon first seeing Columbus, had burst into tears and spent the rest of his time in Ohio in a downed-out haze).

"Could somebody explain to me why I flew from New York into Columbus so that I could be driven to Cincinnati?" Hecker queries nervously from the back seat, wiping the top of the Remy bottle and passing it to Heinisch. We are all silent for a moment as the car lurches, losing traction in the snow.

"Yeah," answers Heinisch, "we didn't realize we'd have to go to Cincinnati when we made the arrangements to fly you in—Dwayne, could you slow down?—so we figured this would be our only chance to talk with you."

"Am I to understand that HUSTLER is on trial here for obscenity? I mean, is there job security?"

"It's all bullshit." Jim reaches over to the front seat and hands me the bottle. "Right, Bruce?"

"Right. It's nothing." I turn back to face Hecker. "They'll never get a conviction, it's—Dwayne, slow down, you're too close to that truck—it's a vendetta by this prosecutor, Simon Lies, or something... an old enemy of Larry's."

"Yeah," Hecker belches, "but if I move out to HUSTLER in Columbus, then what happens if there is no HUSTLER?" Hecker is looking past me out the window at the truck in front of us.

"A verdict of guilty could only affect Hamilton County—Dwayne, you're too close to that truck..."

Tinsley turns his large, balloonlike head to look directly at me, an act I find disconcerting under the circumstances: "Be loose man, I'm a good 12 feet away..."

"That's what I mean. Anyway, Mark, they can only ban the indicted issues. All future issues must be presumed to be within community guidelines."

Hecker leans over the front seat, star-

ing intently out the windshield. "Let's see, isn't that one car length for every 10 miles per hour? Now, we're going 60..."

"Hey, man," Tinsley snaps, "I'm not that close."

Hecker continues to stare at the truck. "If we were any closer, we'd be a bumper sticker."

* * *

The OFP rally was held at the Netherland-Hilton in downtown Cin-

The first day of the trial the prosecutor was seen wearing combat boots in the courtroom.

cinnati. Despite the lack of advertising, about 200 people showed up—not bad, considering. There were also plenty of media people clustering around Larry asking questions as they waved recorders, cameras and notebooks. Most of the questions were bullshit, which is something—I would later discover—indicative of Cincinnati media coverage in general. But at the moment my only concern was to find the bar. I needed to escape from what was becoming a pretty dull evening.

Dull, that is, until the informal question-and-answer period, during which Larry stood at a podium before some 20 or 30 seated journalists. At first, things were pretty routine. Then somebody asked a question I didn't quite catch and as Larry started to answer it, his expression slowly changed; his voice began to choke up. Leaning against a side wall, lulled by cognac, I was momentarily at a loss. I've seen that expression before... during editorial meetings when somebody has fucked up. Usually when Larry gets that expression, everybody starts edging slowly for the door. *This* wasn't an editorial meeting.

"My God!" Larry exclaims, his Kentucky accent thickening, his eyes round and wide, looking almost like a kid,

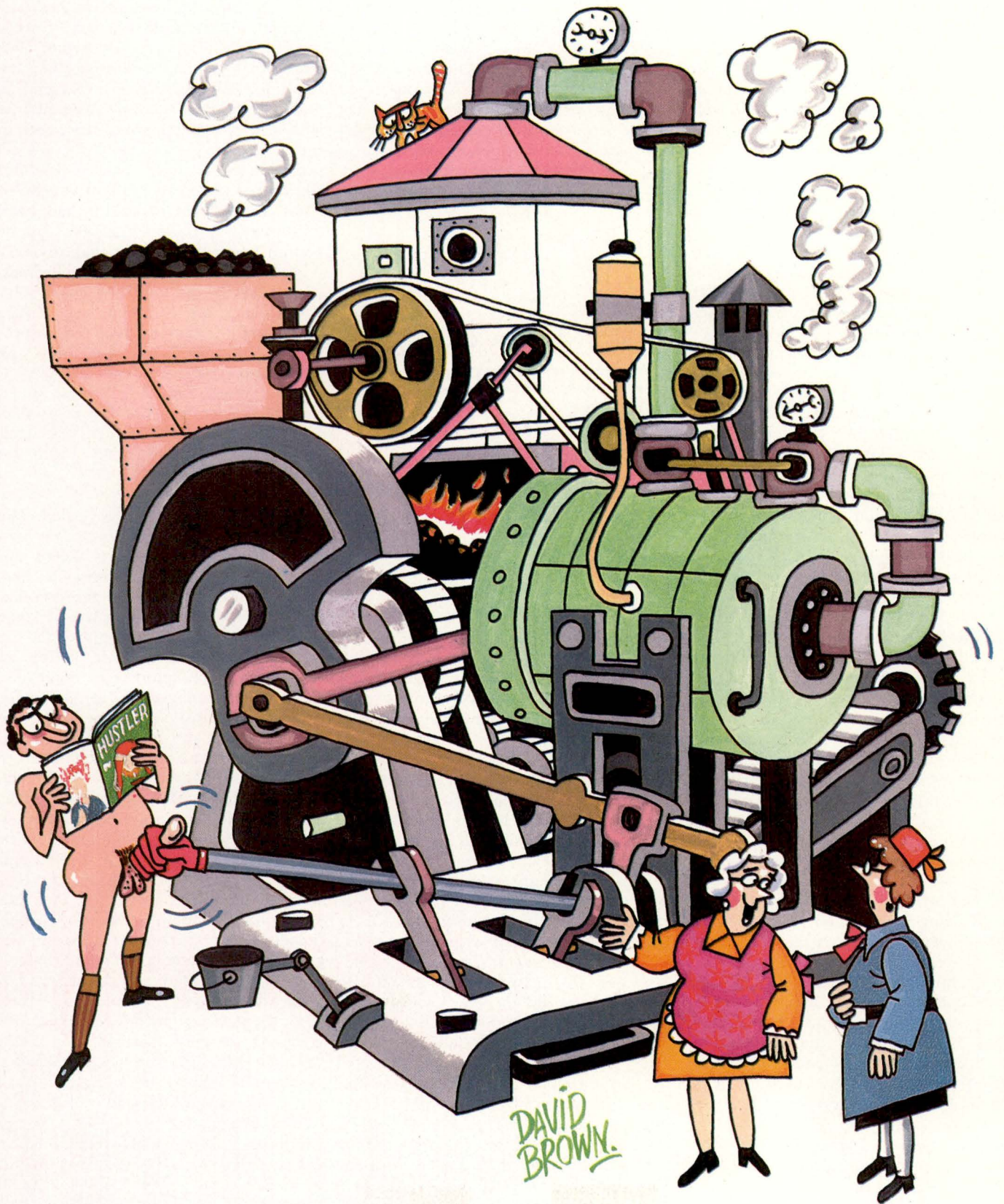
"We're talking about a publication with three million circulation, sold in 25 different countries, with an estimated 15 million readers. And those aren't Larry Flynt's figures. A company called TGI compiles my demographics. They've got a few other clients, like *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Times*..." As he speaks his voice gets louder and angrier; his face reddens. "That's 15 million voices that have a right to be heard in this country. Now we either have a free press or we don't, and I think if we *do* have a free press it's time that the goddamn journalists in this country got some backbone."

By this time his voice has risen to a mournful cry that stills the whole room. Looking around, I notice Heinisch edging toward the door like he does during those editorial meetings. This isn't how a press conference is supposed to go, now is it? I tune in again in time to hear: "... One of the greatest things that we have as American citizens, goddamn it, is the right to be left alone, and me and my readers deserve that right—to be left alone." Every time he says "left alone" his voice gets higher and louder. "Now if people don't want to read HUSTLER magazine, they don't have to read it, but the people who want to read it..." He stops abruptly, turning away from the silent journalists. He's choking—whether on rage or tears is hard to tell. Regaining his composure, he turns back to the reporters. "I'm sorry. I get excited."

Figure it. From what I've picked up in my 14 months at HUSTLER, here is a guy who has fought his way to the top of the heap from nothing and who has run some of the toughest bars in Kentucky and Ohio. In the circles Flynt used to travel in, a man was often forced to keep order in his bar with the help of lead pipes, bats, broken bottles and even guns. And if people got hurt, well, then, people got hurt. Hell, in those days with all the booze, gambling, broads and the fiercely competitive men such combinations attract, some people got killed. Yet here, orchestrating the media, stood Larry Flynt—a farm boy who had made good, a national figure, a millionaire—on the verge of tears in a Cincinnati hotel. Was it anger, outrage, frustration? A con? Or was it something else?

* * *

There was also a blizzard the second time I set out for Cincinnati, part of the nationwide cold spell that hit us this last winter. A couple of weeks had passed since the trial started, and a jury had finally been selected. Both the defense and the prosecution had used their peremptory challenges, with an eye



"...and this is my son, the inventor."

toward seating a jury favorable to their own positions.

For the prosecuting attorney, that had meant eliminating those under 30, any intelligent or well-educated jurors, any jurors who read any of the men's magazines or had attended any porno movies and those who stated that an adult should have the right to read what he wants.

The defense, of course, sought to eliminate any prospective jurors with a heavily religious background or whose politics seemed clearly conservative or whose educational background and intellectual ability seemed substandard. It appeared, not unreasonably, that the battle about to be fought in Cincinnati was actually between the ethics and morals of two different generations.

This time the purpose of my trip was to cover the trial as a reporter for HUSTLER. There was only one little catch. It was made clear that I would not be allowed to talk to anyone. I was to maintain a low profile so that the prosecutor, who would presumably recognize me from my photos in HUSTLER, would not subpoena me. Herald Price Fahringer, our chief defense lawyer, was terrified of what I might say in Cincinnati as a witness for the prosecution. Fahringer had also defended Al Goldstein in Wichita and had been forced to defend long quotations from articles in *Screw* magazine that I had written. He felt I was a little bit nuts, tending toward the psychotic. Herald had also seen the kind of trash I'd written in HUSTLER about that particular trial, and he was so unhinged by the news of my coming to Cincinnati that the original plan called for me to wear a wig and phony moustache—an idea that was wisely abandoned the day I walked into the office wearing my "disguise."

I had my own reasons for wanting to avoid being subpoenaed. Witnesses are not allowed in the courtroom until after they've testified. I was concerned that I would miss most of what was already shaping up to be a very interesting trial, with some especially fascinating high jinks on the part of the prosecution. According to reports from Cincinnati, after the prosecution had used up its 20 peremptory challenges and the final jury had been selected, the Prosecuting Attorney informed Judge William Morrissey and the defense counsel that there was a pervert on the jury. He alleged a cop had walked into the courtroom and told the prosecution that juror number eight, Joe Murray, was involved in some weird sex activity—information supposedly gleaned from a barmaid at the

bus station on the cop's beat.

The defense was suspicious. Everything seemed just a little too convenient. So they asked to cross-examine the barmaid and the cop. Judge Morrissey agreed to go along with this and scheduled a two-hour lunch break for the jurors, during which time the private interrogation was to take place. But when faced with the actual interrogation, the prosecutors were suddenly saying that it had all been a mistake.

Judge Morrissey privately commented, "Uh had ah wet dreeammm lass nite."

Perhaps. But it was also possible the whole thing was designed to trick the defense into eliminating a juror whom the prosecutors actually wanted out. The case looked like fun to me—another judicial circus, like in Wichita. I just hoped that I wasn't going into this with my hands tied. How could I get a story if I couldn't ask questions? Still, I figured I'd have an inside line on the defense, and that should count for something.

The minute Fahringer saw me for the first time, in the hallway of the Hamilton County Courthouse, his face turned the color of Astroturf as he turned and bolted into the men's room. Not exactly encouraging, especially from a lawyer of Fahringer's stature and usually unflappable demeanor.

I ignored Fahringer, walked quickly into the courtroom of Judge Morrissey and seized upon the nearest possible seat, immediately inside the door. Five rows in front of me, facing the same direction, sat the defendants: Larry, Althea, Larry's brother, Jimmy, and Al Van Schaik, HUSTLER's Production Manager. All of them were charged with pandering obscenity and with conspiracy to commit organized crime. (In case you've been asleep these past few months, I should mention that

organized crime in this instance means that the defendants worked together to publish HUSTLER.)

To the right sat Prosecuting Attorney Simon Leis, Jr., and Assistant Prosecutor Fred Cartolano. Leis's strong Germanic features and militaristic bearing reminded me that he is an ex-marine and that at the first day of the trial he was seen wearing his combat boots in the courtroom.

Sitting beside Leis, the swarthy, slim Cartolano looked like a wop version of "Star Trek's" Mr. Spock. I had been told that Cartolano was the brains behind Leis's brawn. Not that anybody is likely to call Cartolano an intellectual. It's all relative.

Both men are Catholic, as is Judge Morrissey, who is fat, 50ish and bespectacled. In any court case, both the prosecution and the defense are vulnerable to a biased judge. The defense hoped that Morrissey was not too cozy with Leis, but Cincinnati is a relatively small town, and small-town courts tend to get very cozy indeed.

The first day of the trial begins: The jury (characterized by Flynt as not having a combined IQ of 1) is seated and Morrissey signals to Leis, who is to give the opening statement for the prosecution. Slowly, as befits a man of some bulk, Leis rises and walks up to face the expressionless jurors. Even before he speaks, his face contorts in controlled disgust. He apologizes to the jurors for the task he must set before them. He doesn't like it any better than they do, he explains, but it must be done in order to cleanse the community of worthless, immoral, cheap, pornographic trash that (and I quote from notes only, but they are basically accurate) "depicts women and men posed together in a lewd and shameful manner. Which depicts women and women posed together in a lewd and shameful manner. Which depicts men and men posed together in a lewd and shameful manner. Which depicts men posed with animals in a lewd and shameful manner and which depicts women posed with animals in a lewd and shameful manner."

As he talks, the disgust in his voice increases. Suddenly he pauses, looks at the jury meaningfully and with a voice full of indignation adds, with special emphasis, "And which depicts Santa Claus posed in a lewd and shameful manner."

Santa Claus?

Yes. Santa Claus. Leis pulls back a step or two from the jurors to let his last remark sink in. Santa Claus. His face is

(continued on page 92)



"Sorry, but organ grinders are a dime a dozen."



Lana loves white. The age-old symbol of peace and purity holds a special fascination for this 25-year-old vixen, who believes "If it's white, it's all right."

Lana first acquired a taste for blond, blue-eyed men in her hometown of Kansas City, Missouri, but for the past few years she has been sampling the best white meat the West Coast

Lana

NIGHTS ON WHITE SATIN

has to offer. Presently working as a professional belly dancer, Lana claims to have extraordinary

muscle control, which she puts to good use off stage as well as on.

When she's not dancing or styling one of her many blond wigs, Lana can often be found racing a friend's drag boat on the Colorado River. "I'm a master racer," she boasts, adding that one day soon she intends to have her own boat. A white one, of course.



Photographed by Bob Veze











Kentucky
Fried Chicken

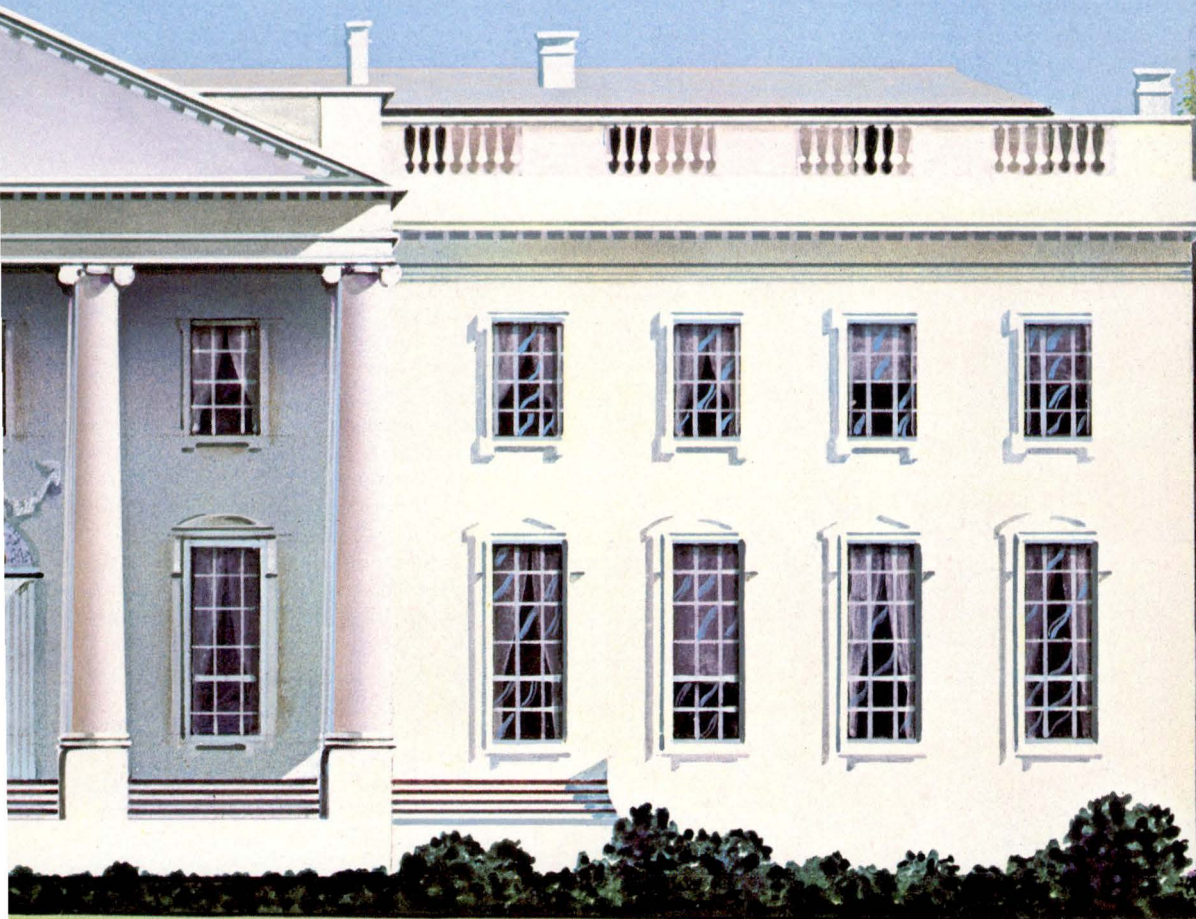


Red-Neck Chic

Article by Neil Shister

It's maybe two o'clock in the morning. The Dandy from New York—wearing an ultrasleek, vented French suit, a pink shirt with white collar and cuffs, a paisley flowered tie and a rakish, white Panama with a sloping brim—is sitting there, worn out from the Georgia heat and the previous night's hard drinking, staring at a puddle of white mush that a waitress has just set before him. He had spent the evening with a group of natives he had just met, searching out “local color” for the story he had come to write. They were incredulous when he told them, as they sat down to order an early morning breakfast, that in his travels he had never before eaten grits. Now grits, which he learned are made from cornmeal and aren't floor sweepings, are absolutely fundamental to the South. There was no way he could avoid eating them and not give offense.

Illustration by Wayne McLoughlin



So, with stoic determination and all the false enthusiasm he could muster, he melted butter and added salt and pepper, as instructed, to this sodden mess. Dreading the next step, he spooned up a sizable helping. The waitress had silenced the restaurant with her public announcement that they had themselves here "a Yankee boy that ain't never et grits." All eyes were on him. Nobody spoke. The Dandy put the spoon in his mouth, paused, swallowed and—gawd-damn! Not bad, not bad at all, the Dandy told his companions. The others in the place let out a 'coon hoot and a hog holler to show their appreciation. In their eyes, he had become, underneath that weird, fag-pimp outfit, just another ole boy, as red-necked as any of them.

The Dandy was not alone in his newly discovered kinship with the red-necks. It is becoming trendy all over the country to take on Southern ways. Americans—burned out from the social shocks of the 60s, exhausted by the Vietnam war, enraged over Watergate—are ready for something new and energizing. So they are embracing Southern culture in 1977 with a passion.

There are signs everywhere: Saks Fifth Avenue is selling farm-boy flannel shirts and pig-slopping overalls; bourbon has become more fashionable than blended scotch in many swank pubs; corporate heavies imitate dripping Southern drawls

when they call each other "good buddy" on their CB radios; and Burt Reynolds's swamp character "Gator" has become a *macho* figure. Gawd-DAMN! as the ole boys say, gawd-DAMN, there ain't no doubting it: Red-neck is getting chic.

And to top it all off, there's a Southerner settled in the White House for at least the next four years. The peanuts, the slow, even drawl and the country humor are bound to drastically alter the nation's attitude toward the South and its culture. So long considered the disobedient stepchild of the Republic, the South has a representative holding the reins of power. Jimmy Carter—the president who sports a nickname, was inaugurated in a business suit and invited all of us folks to his house for the celebration—will accelerate the nationwide spread of Red-Neck Chic.

It took a visit to the source to make the Dandy fully appreciate just what is going on. HUSTLER editors, sensing the imminence of a major cultural shift, had asked the Dandy if he wanted to go down to Georgia and spend some time in the backcountry. He had never been down South, except along the interstate to Florida. Sure, he said, he'd be delighted; so the trip was set up.

He had joked about the assignment at first. "I'm on my way to Georgia to look at red-necks," he had laughingly told some Greenwich Village drinking companions

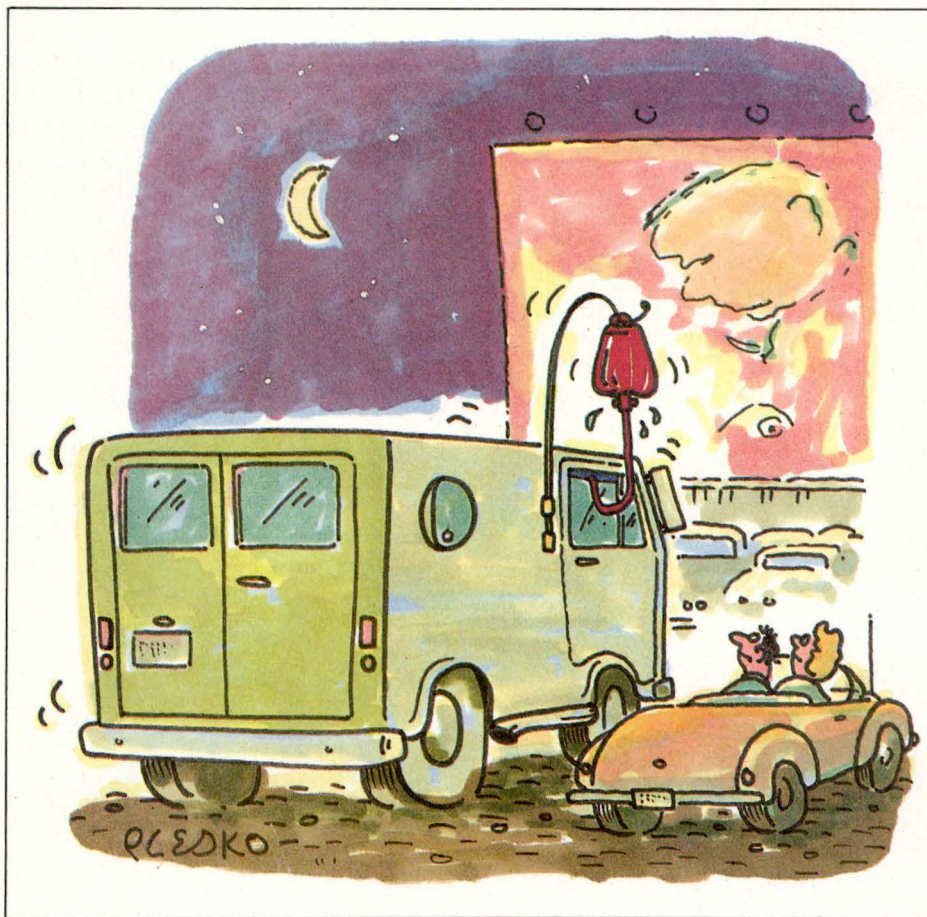
who happened to ask what he was up to. But as the departure date neared and he started thinking seriously about how he intended to go about his work, he could feel his central nervous system start to shift over to red alert. By the time the Delta jet landed in Atlanta, there were cold shudders going through him as he realized that he really didn't have the slightest idea what he was supposed to be looking for, let alone what he was going to find. His trail led him through flat, piney, red-clay country until he arrived in Plains, 120 miles south of Atlanta.

He pulled into town late on a hot, muggy afternoon when the gnats were biting. Plains, population 683, is a classic crossroads town straddling two sets of railroad tracks that divide it into black and white neighborhoods. There is one block of storefronts on Main Street, and three churches, a high school with peeling paint, a barbershop that's open only one day a week, the Carter peanut warehouse, Billy Carter's gas station—and that's about it. No movie theater, no bar, no motel, no pool hall, not even one restaurant, until recently, with the arrival of the national press corps and the daily deluge of tourists coming to gawk at the residence of the man who is the president.

What do people in Plains do with themselves after the sun sets? "Oh, we don't want for social activity," a woman told the Dandy when he asked. "There's two garden clubs, the Stitch 'n' Chat Sewing Circle, the Junior Women's Club, the Missionary Society and Family Night Society meetings at the Baptist church. Nobody plays cards in town, no time." Still unconvinced, he interrupted a teenage boy and girl deep in conversation to ask them what young people do in Plains for fun. "On Saturday," they told him, "all the kids get together on the school lawn to play football. At night, what we do is mostly sit around on the front porch, rocking on the swing, eating boiled peanuts. It's real nice."

Maybe so, but it seemed inconceivable to the Dandy that the most powerful nation in the world, with its highly developed industry, powerful military and complex society, could turn to such a place to find its leader. Yet it had.

Perhaps nobody better illustrates what's happening in the backcountry these days than the man himself, Jimmy Carter. Nobody in his right mind, of course, is going to say that Mr. Jimmy—Annapolis graduate, naval officer, putative nuclear physicist, agribusiness millionaire, political superstar—is a red-neck. Never in a million years would you see him in a brush cut, wearing a plaid shirt of one pattern and pants of another, walking through Americus, Georgia, giving the



wolf call to girls in the street. Still, there hovers about him, like the smell of azaleas and wisteria in the spring, an unmistakable aura of "country": one part courtly gentleman complete with noblesse oblige, one part shrewd dealer with an eye for the main chance, and one part passable good ole boy who loves stock car racing but took to Christ instead of whiskey.

"Hell," said one voter, raised in a small town, "I know what the president will do—give everything to the niggers and plant peanuts on the White House lawn. But if he's a son of a bitch, at least he's our son of a bitch!" If anybody got sophisticated in Georgia, it was Jimmy Carter.

One has only to set a spell in his brother Billy's Amoco gas station in downtown Plains to see what Jimmy Carter would look like without chic. Billy's station is the men's club, and the women of Plains know it is off limits. It is the one spot in town where a man can drink a few beers, smoke a Swisher-Sweets nickle cigar, eat oyster crackers drenched in hot sauce, cuss his head off and generally enjoy the company of his peers without having to worry about offending any ladies.

It was clear to the Dandy, who entered Billy's and self-consciously introduced himself as a journalist from the North, that Red-Neck Chic must come from places like this. He bought a cigar and took a seat in the corner. Mr. Jack, an old white man, obviously something of a town character, was in his cups, and the half-dozen boys sitting around were having themselves a good-natured go at him. Billy Carter, who, with the same cheek structure, astute eyes and straight, thatchy hair looks like a rounder-faced version of his older brother, was leading the pack.

"Looky this, looky this," he gibed at the old man, pointing his finger in Jack's face. "You gawd-damn ole bastard, you shake your finger at everybody else and somebody does it to you, you like as want to kill him!"

"Damn right," answered Jack, taking the bait as intended and pulling out a pint bottle from his hip pocket to catch Billy's arm with a good swipe.

"Gonna break your bottle that way, Mr. Jack," said Billy, rubbing his arm.

"Don't give a hoot in hell if I do, you bush-tailed sumbitch." The give-and-take went on like that for a while, until two men from the peanut warehouse stopped by to ask Billy a question. As one was leaving, he whipped out a water gun and squirted Jack in the face. The old man ran after him in hot pursuit and, quick as a weasel, Billy pounced on the bottle that he had left behind and hid it.

The Dandy, all the while, was sitting there thinking to himself, holy shit! This is the brother of the president. He can't be



*"There is no room for bigotry and racism in this country.
And the sooner them white fuckers gets used to it, the better!"*

all that removed from Jimmy, and here he is running around hiding an old man's bottle of whiskey! The Dandy was visualizing Billy's brother, who that very day was in Washington, D.C., running the United States of America. He could see him walking up to Leonid Brezhnev and ribbing him about the Chinese or offering Golda Meir a chaw! The notion boggled the mind.

Jack returned, looking discouraged and put-out. "Why you hire them lowlife, Billy?" he asked. Sensing that the game had gone far enough, Billy answered, "They's good folk, Mr. Jack. They don't mean no harm." He went to where he had stashed the bottle and brought it to the old man. "They's good folk, Mr. Jack," he repeated.

* * *

Being a red-neck is like belonging to another kind of American fraternity—just like the Elks or General Motors. Once you're on the bus, you're on for life. You always belong and, by virtue of belonging, you are always honored. It makes perfect sense that Americans—at a time when so many other social bonds, such as marriage, family and neighborhood, are breaking down—are taking to red-neck as a form of democratic brotherhood.

The Dandy found one major contradiction in the democratic brotherhood of red-necks—in the democratic part. All the members are white. In the Deep South, a

nigger is still a nigger, no matter how equal they are. Plains illustrates this. The town is divided by railroad tracks in the classic style: white on one side and black on the other. On one side there are paved streets and comfortable white houses with front porches and rocking chairs. On the other side of the tracks the dirt roads and ditches are lined with unpainted houses filled with black kids. Some experts claim that Carter would not have won the presidency without the black vote: an ironic concept when you look at the man's hometown. Maybe the Reverend Clennon King, who tried to join Carter's church the Sunday before the election, was a rabble-rouser up to no good, but the initial reaction of the congregation was typical of the response of red-necks everywhere when they feel threatened by the descendants of their former slaves. Those who have got a little chic—like Jimmy Carter—have enough sense to keep their culturally instilled racism suppressed whenever a black man crosses their path. They've been reprimanded by the liberals just too many times to blow it in public in basic KKK. The fact is, just as there aren't any niggers sitting around Billy's Amoco station drinking with the red-necks, there still wouldn't have been any black men praying in Jimmy's Baptist church with the red-necks—if Jimmy didn't have to worry about being president.

The difference between the two Carter

boys is that, somewhere along the line, Jimmy got chic. He became credible as a leader, a national spokesman, when he acquired that veneer of polish, that sense of taste, that feeling for decorum that made the heavies who form public opinion and dole out the power sit up and take notice.

Jimmy Carter is one of them—sort of. His gloss is wrapped around a core of pure, unadulterated red-neck determination and energy. It wasn't in Episcopal New England prep schools that Jimmy Carter's soul was tempered into steel. It was out on the land, where he acquired the same kind of fierce drive and manly self-pride that used to lead an ole boy into the fields from sunup to sundown year after year, knowing that he could never make it pay. That same drive led ole boys into combat or around and around a dirt track. The determination has always been there, flowering in the Deep South like the native cottonwoods.

Billy's horizons never extended much beyond the county seat, but Jimmy realized that the entire world was ready to open up to Southerners. It was a matter of grafting new manners onto old ways.

Jimmy Carter is the perfect politician for the era of Red-Neck Chic. He isn't too raw and he isn't too obviously dust poor and ignorant to be indigestible to the American people, of whom less than ten percent live on farms. Yet he has the aura and enthusiasm of a red-neck. He is a lot like those flannel shirts at Saks Fifth Avenue—slightly slick and fancy but basically down-home comfortable.

The Dandy continued on through Georgia, driving across miles of empty country broken up by little crossroad settlements like Kirkland, where a handful of people live and work on pecan groves that they themselves do not own and where a 100-year-old lamplit pine shack with an outhouse rents for \$25 a month.

In Albany, he ended up in the pool hall at midday with some old-timers, talking about backwoods stills and how chicken farming has become so mechanized that it takes only eight weeks to grow a biddy into a broiler. It was a shame he was a week too early for Mike Crain's "Judo and Karate for Christ" show. Crain breaks 16 pounds of concrete with his elbow, slashes a 300-pound bag of rice with one hand and, as the grand finale, while blindfolded, using a samurai sword, slices through a watermelon that's balanced on someone's stomach.

But the Old South is being driven from the land, away from rural life and into mobile homes and factory jobs. The "good ole boy" may still be a recognizable type, but he's changing and beginning to take on the city ways that he sees reflected on television. At the same time, the rest of the

country is looking right back at him.

You can see it happening in Waycross, slightly north of the Okefenokee Swamp. Waycross started out as railroad town about 100 years ago. It was the terminal point where tracks running along the Atlantic Coast met tracks running west toward the Gulf of Mexico. It seems like the last place in the world where you would expect to find sophisticated dandies. Even in Waycross, though, the involved process of "derusticating" the red-neck is getting under way and "chic-a-fication" is happening.

**The face
of America
is cracking
into a wide,
toothy, red-
neck grin.**

The owner of one of the town's haberdasheries, which sells white belts and shoes—accessories that used to be the absolute *last word* in country elegance—is plainly worried. He has a stock of 500 synthetic-fiber leisure suits that suddenly nobody is buying anymore. "Two years back," he lamented, "I couldn't get them in fast enough in melon and aqua, you know, to wear with them Qiana print shirts. Now they want European cuts and vest suits with pleated tailoring and jackets with bush pockets like the ones they see the Yankees wearing."

At the Green Frog cocktail lounge, where the waitresses wear outfits that push their breasts up under their chins, they won't let you in if you're wearing jeans. The acknowledged red-neck spots on the Jacksonville Road are places where the parking lots are jammed full with dusty pickups on a Friday night and a man can bring his own bottle in if he's discreet, where fights have been known to happen and heads have been bashed in with baseball bats. Even here, daring couples are trying to dance the hustle to Elvis Presley songs.

* * *

Soon after arriving in Georgia, the Dandy, through a series of unpredictable circumstances, had made friends with a

fellow who had grown up in Waycross and now lived outside of Atlanta. Ansell T. Maund III, had played fullback on a high school football team that had won the Georgia state championship twice, put himself through college and law school at night and now earned his living participating in Atlanta's ongoing land boom as a realtor. He was known as Shorty, although the name bore no relationship to his size. Shorty insisted that they go to the stock-car races before the Dandy left Georgia. To understand red-necks you have to understand how they feel about cars, Shorty had argued. So on a Sunday evening they headed off into the sunset to Rome International Speedway, 80 miles north of Atlanta in Floyd County.

Dirt-track stock-car racing, the Dandy learned, was—after weeklong Baptist tent revivals—the biggest and also the only form of organized entertainment in northern Georgia. Every Sunday people come by the thousands to root home their favorites—men in their 30s and 40s who learned their trade running moonshine at night over back roads at 100 miles per hour.

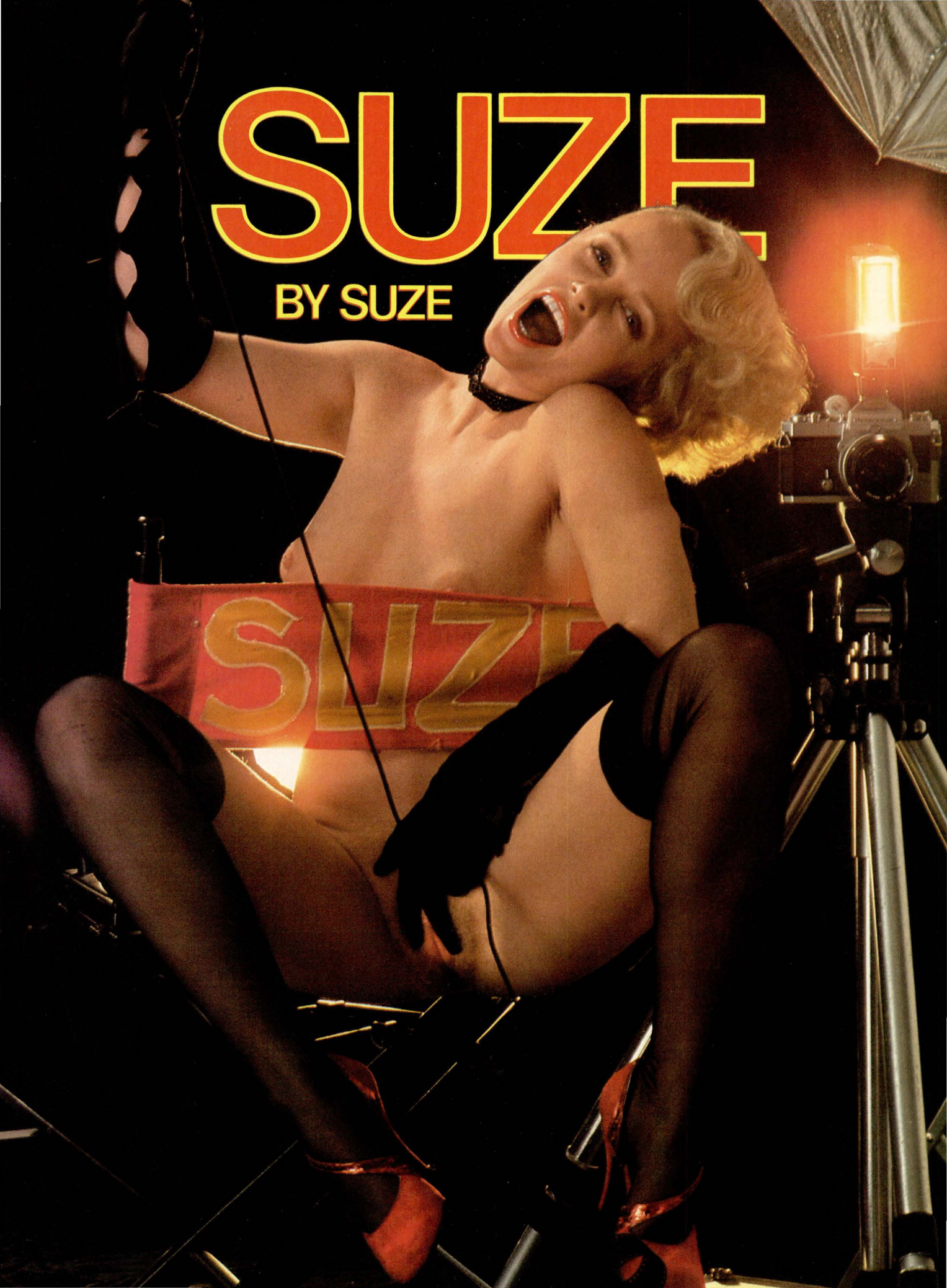
"Certain kind of person likes dirt-track racing," said Mickey Swimms, Rome International's promoter and probably the only man among the several thousand watching the races whose hair looked like it had been razor-cut and styled instead of hacked at by the local barber. "Working people what loves cars. And action, noise, thrills, competition. Seeing somebody down there doing something you've tried yourself and know is damn near impossible—pushing a car to 60 in a couple of seconds, stomping your brakes to slide her around a corner, punching it to the floor and flying again...." Swimms didn't admit it, but there is something else that drives country people to dirt tracks like his all over the Deep South: the lurking possibility of violence. The pileups, wrecks, temper tantrums in which a driver, feeling he has been messed with, rides his enemy off the track—these happen all the time with the suddenness of a flash flood or spontaneous combustion. "If 'n there was races seven nights a week, I'd be there," said a hulking man dressed in stiff denims, a mauve short-sleeved shirt and a blinding orange shell jacket that probably came from the J. C. Penney mail-order catalog. "It's destructive as hell!"

"It's your working folk what like dirt-track racing," the promoter told the Dandy, "simple people with simple taste." Shorty, after sizing up the scene, had been more direct: "What you got here," he said, "is your 100-percent dyed-in-the-wool honest-to-God red-neck!"

While the hobby-class cadets were
(continued on page 107)

SUZE

BY SUZE





There are many erotic artists we admire, but we feel that Suze Randall is the physical embodiment of erotic art. You can't say that she's a photographer without saying she's a model. Now she's an author as well.

"Naked and Unashamed." That's how it started for Suze and that's how she heads the first chapter of *Suze*, the memoirs of her career in erotic photography. It's the story of a nurse who went from nude modeling to fashion modeling to erotic photographer for *Playboy*, *Oui*, *Pent-*

house and European men's magazines. *Suze* tells how the English blonde finds "sexess"—a fantasy of sex and success come true. "It's very erotic," Suze says.

Very erotic. Like this exclusive self-portrait she shot for *HUSTLER*. Although *Suze's* book ends before her *HUSTLER* association begins (we're mentioned only as a "raunchy upstart"), this new and important step in her career is one she finds "very exciting. Now I can search for the ultimate erotic shot."



That's just one of the reasons she branched out from *Playboy*. Her book is as much an in-depth look at *Playboy* and Hefner as it is the story of her rise from back-alley nude modeling to being the hottest female photographer in the country. It is a rise with surprisingly few casting-couch scenes, but one packed with

all the sex a brash, uninhibited modern woman could want, including a threesome with Hef and a playmate.

"I have a healthy appetite for sex, you might say," Suze told us. And she has a driving spirit to be the best at what she does. So when she took these shots—the last self-portraits she plans to do—she did what she asked her models to do:

Go as far as possible. And Suze is always prepared to go a little further than anyone else, as is demonstrated by the double exposure shot in this feature that makes it appear (in Suze's words) "as if I'm fucking myself."

If you'd like to find out for yourself how far Suze will go, she's available in most bookstores.

Ask for her by name—*Suze*.





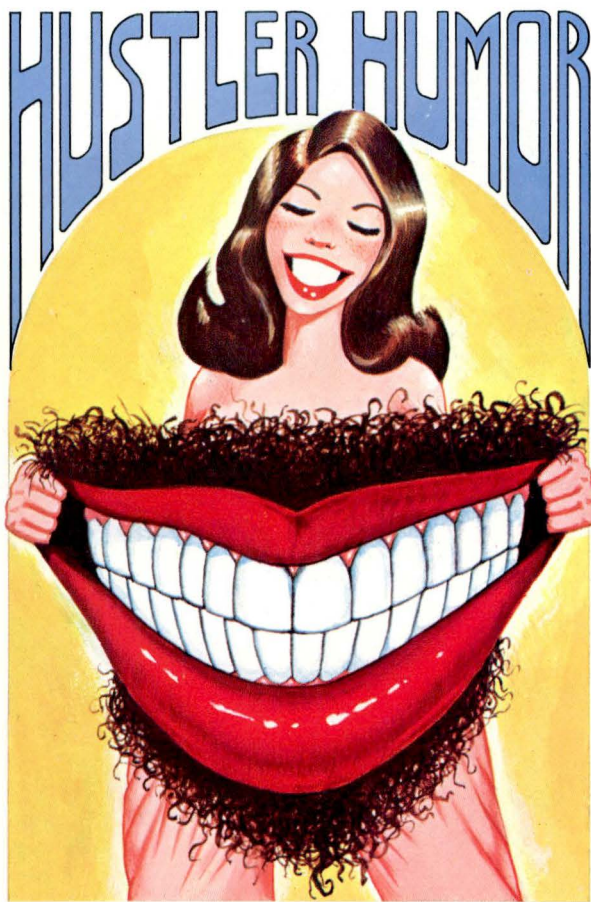












It was a warm, sunny Sunday, so a man and his wife decided to take in the zoo. They spent the day, and at closing time they walked past the gorilla cage, and the man noticed the gorilla looking at his wife.

"That gorilla is getting excited just looking at your tits," he said. "Why don't you take your blouse off and we'll see what he does?"

At first she declined. But finally persuaded by her husband, she took off her blouse and bra. The gorilla went nuts. He started grunting and jumping up and down.

"Hey," the husband said, "let's really blow his mind. Take off all your clothes and we'll see what he does."

Again she said no and again he persuaded her. This time the ape really went bananas! He climbed up and down the bars, did flips, ran around in circles and tossed his food all over the cage.

The husband went over to the cage, opened the door and pushed his wife in. "Now," said the husband, "tell that motherfucker you have a headache!"

Marge was getting pretty upset about her husband's lack of attention and decided to come on a little stronger to him. After dinner, she put on her sexy, backless nightgown backward and sauntered into the living room.

"Notice anything?" she asked slyly.

"Yes, you've got your nightgown on backward," her husband answered simply.

"How could you tell?" she cooed.

"Because the shit stains are on the front," he said.

Q: What's dangerous and eats nuts?

A: Syphilis.

How do you make a pussy talk? Put a tongue in it.

One day I go to Detroit to a bigga hotel. Ina morning, I go downa to eat breakfast. I tella the waitress I wanna two piece toast. She bringa me only one piece. I tella her I wanna two piece. She say go to the toilet. I say, you no understand. I wanna two piece on my plate. She say you better not piece on the plate, you sona ma bitch. I don't even know the lady and she call me sona ma bitch.

Later, I go to eat lunch at Drake Restaurant. The waitress she bringa me a spoon and a knife, but no fok. I tella her you no understand. I wanna fok on the table. She say you better not fok on the table, you sona ma bitch.

So I go back to my room ina hotel, and there is no sheet onna my bed. I calla the manager and tella him I wanna sheet. He tella me to go to the toilet. I say you no understand. I wanna sheet on the bed. He say you better not sheet on the bed, you sona ma bitch.

I go to check out and the man at the desk say peace to you. I say peece onna you, too, you sona ma bitch. I go back to Italy.

HUSTLER defines a *Sardine* as: a little bitty fish that smells like a finger.

After his annual physical, the sexually active bachelor was waiting in the doctor's office for the results.

"Well," said the doctor, "I have good news and bad news for you."

"The way I feel, please give me the good news first," replied the bachelor.

"The good news," announced the doctor, "is that your penis has grown an additional four inches since your last exam."

"Great!" the man shouted. "What is the bad news?"

"It's malignant," replied the doctor.

Q: Why wasn't Christ born in Mexico?

A: Because they couldn't find three wise men or a virgin.

One day a cop noticed a woman walking down the street with her left breast hanging out of her blouse.

"Hold on a minute, young lady," he demanded. "Don't you know that's indecent?"

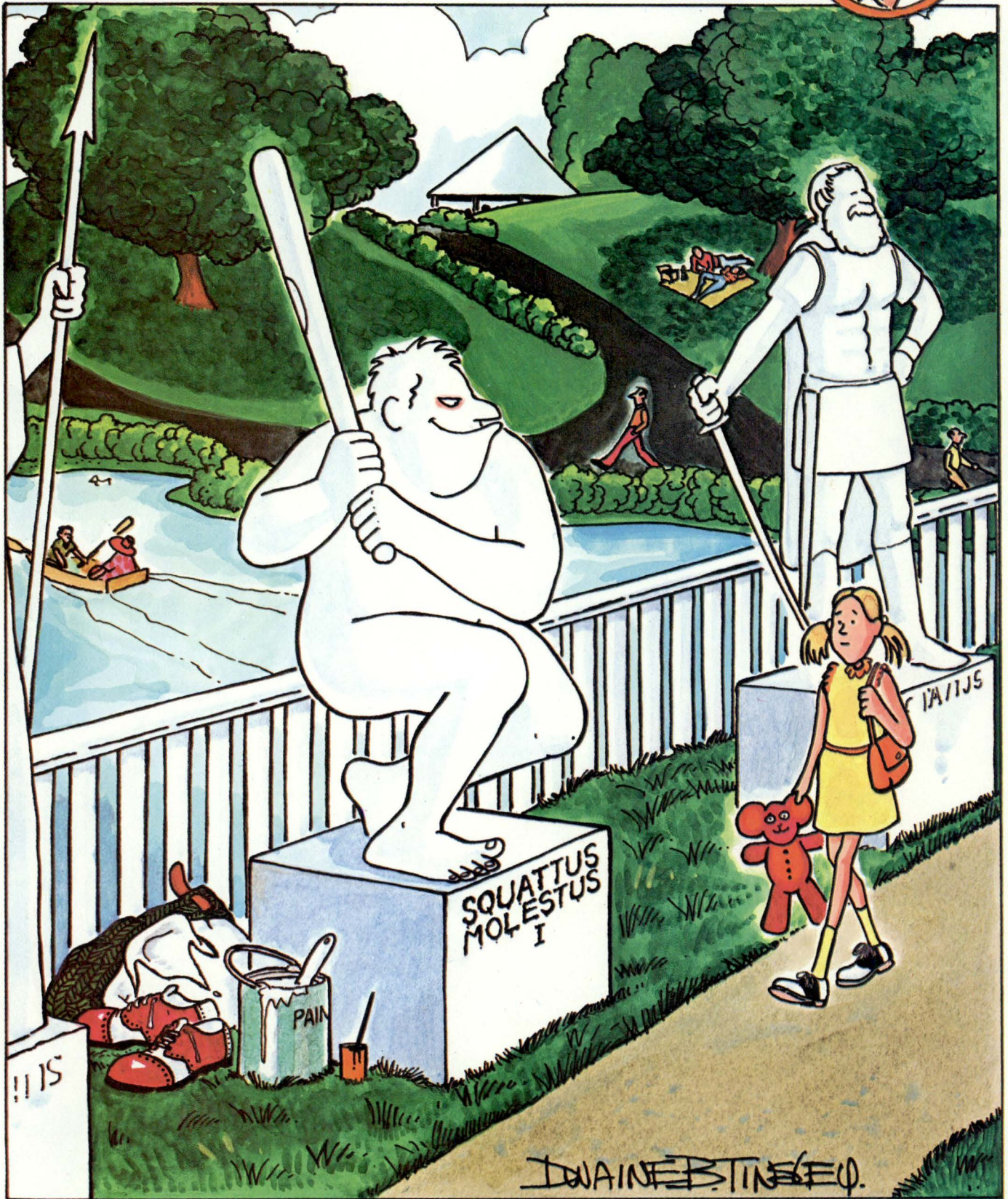
"Oh, my God," she exclaimed. "I left my baby on the bus!"

Q: What is the difference between an epileptic oyster shucker and a prostitute with diarrhea?

A: An epileptic oyster shucker shucks between fits while a prostitute with diarrhea fucks between shits.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke to us on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we will send you a check for \$25. Sorry, no returns.

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DAVID B. TINSLEY

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Illustration by Daniel Kirk

THE SAN FRANCISCO FAG MURDERS

ARTICLE BY BILL CARDOSO

The guy upstairs, directly overhead, is moaning a bottomless moan that rises slowly to heaven and pulls me, troubled, out of sleep. A piercing moan now, curving for the frontiers of ecstasy. Pain at the melting point of pleasure. I should return to sleep. They have enough Crisco, I assume, to get through the night.

Whatever gets you through the night—the operative philosophy of San Francisco.

It occurs to me that of the four places I've lived in this town over the last three years, I've heard men moaning in three.

The guy upstairs is a little light on his feet, if you follow my drift. And as such, he is not much different than any of the 120,000 other queer faggot sons of bitches who make up an estimated 20 percent of this city. Gay mecca. Every day more *meccanized*. Every day. *Au revoir*, New Orleans . . .

On Polk Street, the glittering heartland of gay San Francisco, the old-timers have only Billy Werner's and the Elbow Room to drink in now. Soon, where will old sailors get a drink? Soon, they think, Billy Werner's and the Elbow Room will become fruiter bars, too. There's a lot of money to be made in the fruiter bars.

Up on Castro Street, there's only one straight bar left. The middle-class gays have taken over that neighborhood, buying and refurbishing Victorian homes.

Why, they've got four neighborhoods! There are so many of them, they actually reinforce each other. Everyone in this city is one or knows one. Just listen to this:

"When the bus strike started, I began walking from my home—toward the financial district via Market. I saw the most fantastic guy walking the opposite way, and every day for one week we just smiled and our eyes glanced into each other's. One day we stopped and he gave me his phone number at work. I called him. We met for a drink and now are very much in love. So to all the strikers, I say thank you. I found my love...because of the bus strike.

Sincerely,
Tom Richardson."

That letter appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Jesus Christ! It's something you'd better get used to living here. Different strokes. So just by association, we are knowledgeable about sissies. Why, some of us even like them! One 85-year-old woman takes a 22-block walk daily "because there's only one street where I want to go—and that's Polk Street. And I'll tell you why," she told the *San Francisco Examiner*. "Polk Street is the happiest street in San Francisco.

They smile at each other and go out of their way to be friendly and helpful.

Who gives a damn if a lot of them are gay? They love each other and that's good enough for me." They love each other, all right. But what the 85-year-old woman may not know is that they're killing each other, too. Something has gone terribly wrong in mecca.

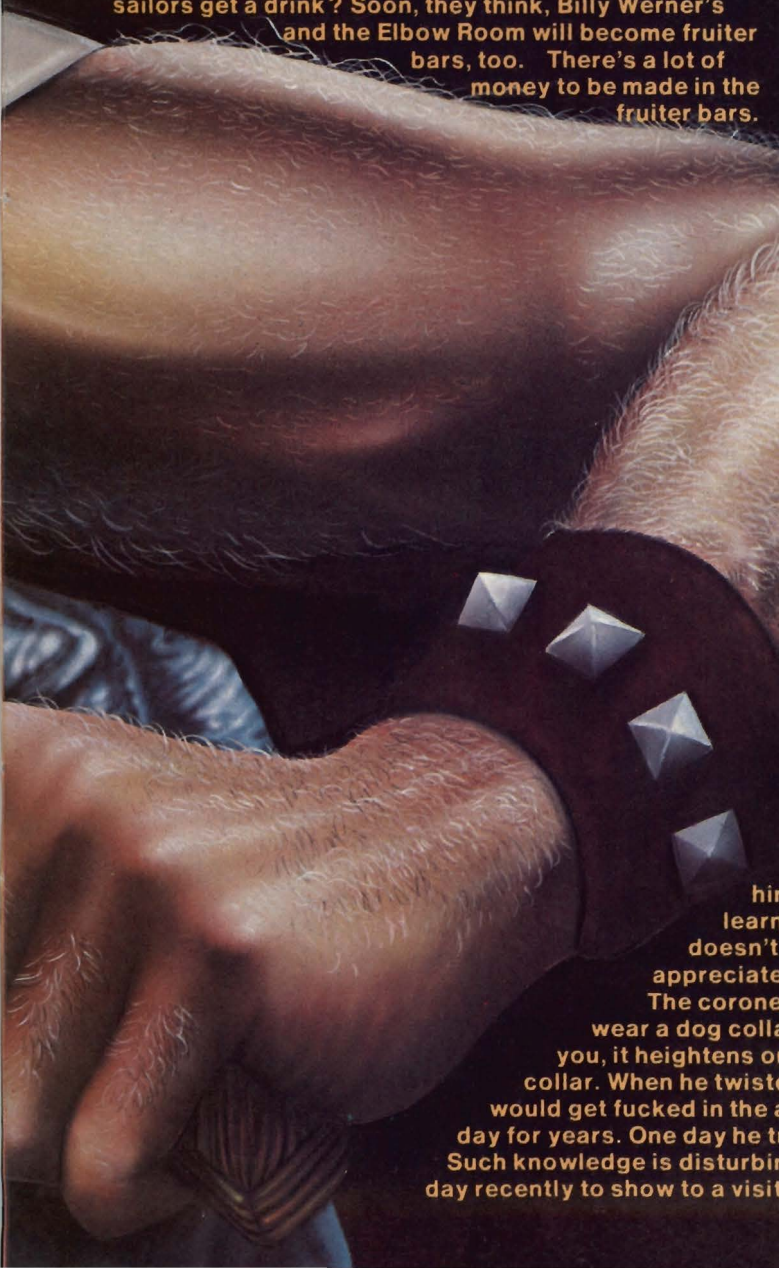
Beneath the smooth surface of love and openness, the underlying sludge of repression, guilt and fear is being stirred up.

Two, maybe three, Jack the Rippers have taken advantage of the open city. There are 21 gruesome, unsolved mutilation murders. Horrible murders: gouged-out anuses, cut-off cocks. Repeated stabbing. Overkill.

Dr. Boyd G. Stephens, San Francisco's coroner, has been getting an education in sadomasochistic sex these last two years. One person he talked with showed him how to use a whip the right way. The very tip, Dr. Stephens learned, will cut, will hurt. The middle part of the whip hurts but doesn't break bones. It's pain on the level that the masochist can appreciate. It's what he wants; it'll get him through the night.

The coroner also has learned about harnesses and dog collars. If you wear a dog collar and twist your head a little bit so that it partially chokes you, it heightens orgasm. One guy hanged himself from the ceiling with a dog collar. When he twisted his neck a little bit, he could control the circulation. He would get fucked in the ass like this. Hanging like a side of beef. He did it every day for years. One day he tripped out too far and killed himself.

Such knowledge is disturbing to Dr. Stephens. He removed a book from his desk one day recently to show to a visitor. It is entitled *Erotic Hands*. It is about fist-fucking. It is a



book of violence, of pictures of guys, big guys, choking each other, of guys with their forearms up assholes. Twanging the prostate. With the right combination of drugs and preparations, it is possible to get the arm that far into the asshole. If you're into fist-fucking, you are into something pretty heavy.

What's next? Sticking your goddamn leg up somebody's ass? And kicking him in the prostate?

And what about kids getting involved in it?

For homicide detective Dave Toschi, the future is now. He has found that the younger they are, the heavier into it they are. "I'm talking about guys who are 18 and 19," said Toschi.

Toschi went into the gay community cold. He was sent in after the body count began to escalate. "We knew we had to get out and meet these people," he recalled, "not just as policemen meeting gays, but as individuals, as human beings. We said, 'Hey, we've got a hell of a problem. Somebody's killing people out there.' We said, 'We want you to know what we look like, and what you look like.' We knocked on doors and said, 'Hey, look, we've got bodies here, bodies in the alley, and bodies in the playgrounds, and people being beaten in hotels. And we've got no suspects. Help us. We need your help.'"

When you've been persecuted and prosecuted for your sex life, it's tough to take a plea from the "enemy" seriously.

I'm no help. Don't know too much about fags. All I can remember about queers is being 13 and growing up in tough Somerville, Massachusetts, and watching Antoine swishing across Broadway from neighboring Medford, holding a little white handkerchief in his hand, mincing down the alley. That's what we called him—Antoine. Soon, Antoine would have my tender parts in his warm mouth, making me feel strange and good. Crazy spasms shaking young loins, blood snaking hot through my heart, my young cock spewing novice seed into his mouth. When it was done, guilt cascaded through suddenly tortured blood. So what I did, as Antoine applied his final caresses and slaked himself on final sticky kisses, was to grab him by the ears. Antoine would look up and in one sour instant his slurping, puppy dog happiness blended with shock.

Antoine knew what was next.

What I did was blast his queer faggot head off the cinder-block walls of the alley, little flecks of cement spraying into his hair, matting with the oozing blood of his scalp. Ricocheting his ugly, fucking queer skull off the wall, and the sight of that

blood was good, let me tell you, because the guilt left. I would leave Antoine in a heap, dabbing the back of his head with that bloody white handkerchief. Antoine knew it was part of the deal. Out on the street once more, I would swell, "I just nailed that fucking queer Antoine. He's back in the alley. Fucking cocksucker sucked me off!"

The victims are the mirror image of the murderers—each is a face of sexual repression.

The killers have a little of me in them, I gather.

Knowing this, I also know it would take a Serpico to catch these maniacs. Yet I sense that the San Francisco Police Department is not ready for leather regalia or queenly drag. Their modus operandi remains conventional: interviewing people, flashing photographs, wearing shoulder holsters beneath sharkskin suits. Many fags will eat steel before the mad duo or trio of killers gets nailed. All that is known is that the victims are white, that one of the killers is black and the others are white. Zero is known about the latter. The black killer sketches caricatures of his victims in gay bars and then picks up his victims. He is known as the "Black Doodler." He's knocked off seven guys around Castro Street. One of three known survivors is a European diplomat who met the Doodler while having a midnight snack and then brought him home. Later, the diplomat told the cops that the Doodler demanded cocaine and then disappeared into the bathroom for half an hour. When the Doodler came out of the john, he snarled, "All you guys are alike" (something he told other survivors) and stabbed the diplomat six times.

Dr. John B. DeCecco, a San Francisco State University researcher, has been studying gay aggression for the last two years.

"My guess," says psychologist DeCecco, "is that these are people in their early 20s who haven't resolved their sexual orientation problems. I would think they are probably having a difficult time connecting with society. Even the stabbing is a connection."

It is perhaps their last desperate attempt to relate to a society that has fucked-up attitudes toward sex. They like men, but they've been taught to hate that impulse. So they want to kill the witness to their indiscretion to quiet some inner voice.

DeCecco suspects that people who harbor sadomasochistic fantasies have made danger an erotic fantasy. "That is, that danger turns them on. And I think the danger comes from sexual guilt. The freer, more direct enjoyment of sexual contact is something that is very difficult, so they have to mix it in with pain.

"They may realize that wandering around a dark street is a dangerous way to find a sex partner. But that may stimulate them sexually. In other words, sometimes the victim is subtly, consciously cooperating and is not necessarily innocent of an attack."

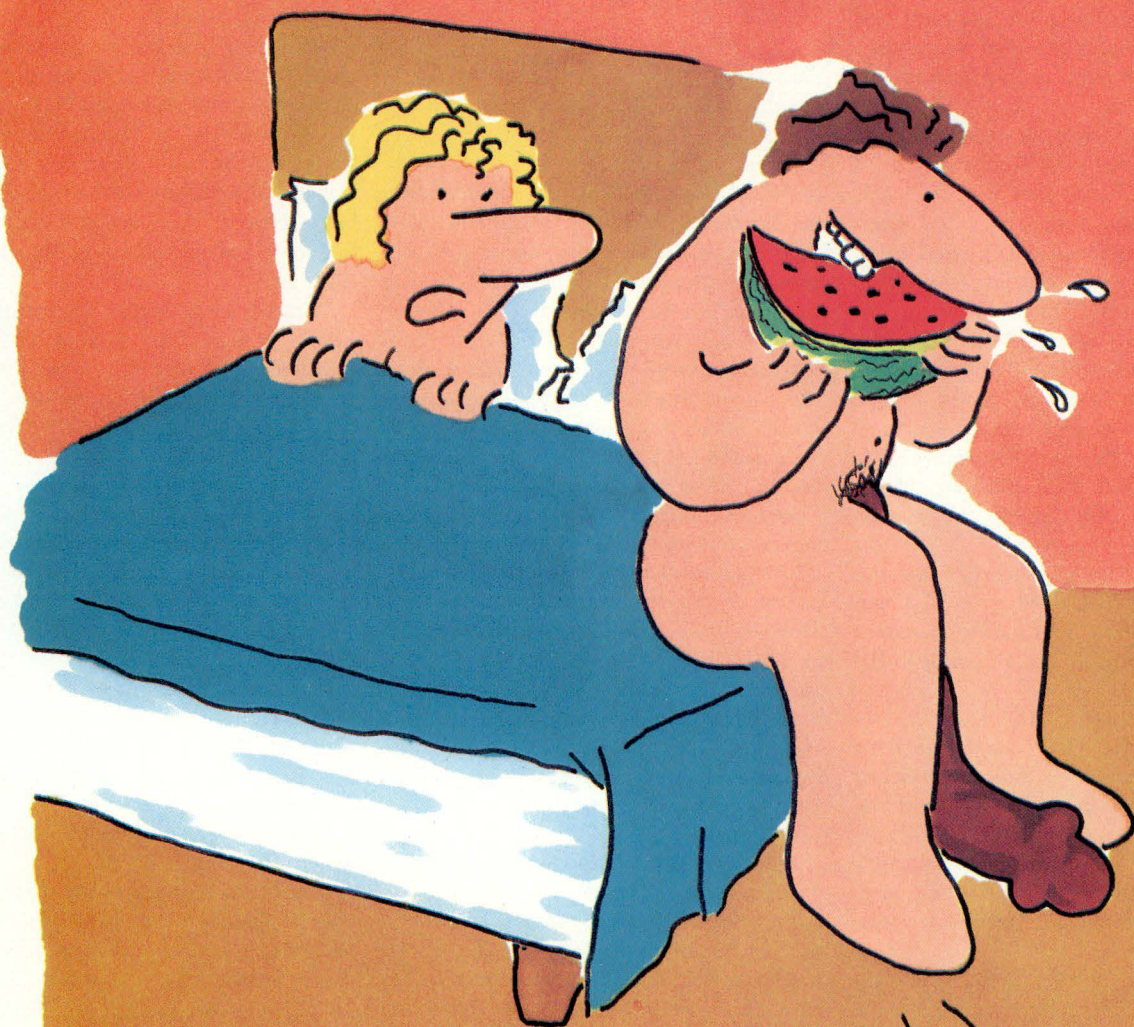
The victims are the mirror image of the murderers—each is a face of repression. The sexual repression of our "free" society has laid such a trip on these people that they unconsciously feel they have to be punished if they are ever going to have the kind of sex they prefer. The pain of the experience pays off a conscience that insists sex is wrong. The natural sex drives are thwarted by guilt. Perhaps guilt from sexual repression requires that they get knocked off to get their rocks off.

There's a little bit of long-ago Antoine in the victims. George S. Gilbert, then, was probably not all that innocent of his attack.

A lawyer by day, Gilbert was a leather freak at night. One of hundreds and hundreds like that in this town. At the age of 32, he was an assistant trust officer for Wells Fargo Bank and leased an expensive apartment in a high-rise building (the same building, in fact, where the diplomat brought the Doodler). Gilbert spent his last hours cruising under a streetlight in a shabby alley after the leather barrooms on Folsom Street closed at 2:00 A.M. He liked to be whacked — spanked while on all fours — to orgasm.

When Toschi and his partner, Inspector Frank McCoy, found Gilbert, he had eight stab wounds in his crotch area. And he'd been dead for two days.

"All we've got is bodies," sighed Toschi. "In other words, we're called up — we got a body. We got a guy stabbed eight times in the groin and he's dead. Maybe there's evidence of semen in his mouth or his rectum. No clues. Just a body. All you can do is find out. Most of the time—and this is what hurts—it's a John Doe. We've got to find out who he is. Where did he come from? Is he from here? Is he from



J. Kohl

"Charles, sometimes I wish you hadn't gotten that goddamn transplant."

Oakland? Is he from Santa Rosa? What's his background? We go into his background. Where was he last seen? Does he have a car? Was he a working man?

"And when they take the guy's ID, and in many instances, when you've got a guy like—there's a guy who was a doorman at the Sir Francis Drake, a bellhop. He's found over here at Eighth and Dorr. Right off Folsom. His testicles have been slit. He's got no ID. For about two or three days, you don't know who he is. Until someone makes a missing persons report. And you've lost 72 hours."

Sometimes the identification comes quickly, if not easily.

In the case of Dennis Dickenson, 28, police had an ID in two hours. Dickenson had the good sense to live a half block from where he was murdered—in the same raw Folsom Street neighborhood of warehouses and leather bars where brother Gilbert and the bellhop met it.

Friends fainted when they were asked to identify Dickenson's bloody remains. "I think it's Dennis," said one, "but his face is a pulp. His nose is broken. He's been strangled. He's a mass of bruises." Even Toschi, an eight-year veteran of homicide work, was sickened. "Every bone in this guy's body was broken. He was beaten. Stomped—actually jumped on—to death in a debris box and was dragged to a school doorway and propped there, almost as a symbol, for the world to see. Here's this really gay kid from Lansing, Michigan, just a pulp. Nothing left of him. Just beaten!"

The school doorway where Dickenson was found opens onto a playground. From police headquarters, you can look across the playground and imagine Dennis in the doorway, dead.

* * *

In another doorway—in Butterfly's kitchen doorway now—stands a menacing figure, weaving a dog chain around his right hand, sullenness clouding his battered face. He has come to Butterfly's apartment on Polk Street, he announces, straight from county jail. He is interrupting us.

Just moments before, I was shooting the breeze with Butterfly, who is a male prostitute of my acquaintance and a veteran sissy. (He barely reacted when I informed him that the Kinsey Institute found that many homosexual men have sex with between one and two thousand partners in their early to middle years. "At least," Butterfly shrugged, dismissing the tidbit as unenlightening.) We were in his kitchen discussing some big headlines: the stabbing death in Philadelphia of John S.

Knight III, a millionaire newspaper heir and a tragic closet queen; the whackout of Italian film director Pier Paolo Pasolini, who dipped once too often into the gutters of Rome and ended up lying dead in them, run over by a twisted street urchin. Robbery was the motive in both cases, not mutilation madness, but the two famous killings reminded Butterfly of the Ferguson brothers, whom he met in

"If I ever see the girl who first gave me head," the fag punk with the chain says, "I'll kill her."

Wheaton, Illinois, before they came out to the West Coast and murdered silent film star Ramon Novarro on Halloween 1968. They beat his skull in, having heard from other gay hustlers that Novarro kept a \$5000 stash in his Hollywood Hills home. In a gruesome finale, Paul and Tom Ferguson shoved a black lead art deco dildo down Novarro's throat—a dildo that Rudolph Valentino had given Novarro 45 years earlier. It bore Valentino's signature inlaid in silver and was kept by Novarro in a bedroom shrine to Valentino. Novarro choked to death on his own blood.

Our conversation was interrupted when the doorbell rang. Butterfly's doorbell is always ringing. Another boy for Butterfly, no doubt. By now, his living room is jam packed with them. They are smoking reefer back there and watching television. Among them are Butterfly's friend Timothy and his new boyfriend John. Two other boys are in Butterfly's bedroom, on his bed.

And now, in the doorway, the new guest seems uneasy.

He knows our attention is clamped on his dog chain, and suddenly he seems quite dangerous. Butterfly glides to his oven and removes some pastry he had been warming for us. Butterfly looks at me knowingly. What we had been discussing in the abstract had come to life and was being visited upon us in the form of the hulk in the doorway.

Butterfly counterattacks the scene's surrealism by commencing small talk, saying something about someone being anally retarded. The punk in the doorway with the dog chain is not sharing the joke. I see

paranoia crease his crew-cut head. The remark, he feels, is directed at him. He thinks he has to make a statement.

He is a throwback, with a splattered nose and scar tissue above his eyes, this boy standing there weaving that dog chain around his hand, wearing a leather motorcycle jacket and shamelessly tight jeans that show him off to advantage.

"What do you do when you meet an asshole?" he asks, letting out a spooky vibe that stills the room.

"What are you talking about?" Butterfly pursues, piercing the atmosphere, "an attitude or a situation?" Then, really cutting loose, Butterfly joyously avers, "I fuck 'em." But the punk in the doorway doesn't laugh.

"You guys are all assholes!" he mocks. "And I'm a prick."

"Well, it's true you've got a big prick," Butterfly twits, "but if that's all you think about, then you're a cunt."

The punk enters the kitchen proper and sits across the table from me. He says he was in jail for three weeks for assaulting a bus driver. And he was put in the hole for four days, he crows, for getting in a fight right away.

"I'm always in fights," he smiles, stroping the dog chain against his palm. "I knocked three teeth out of a guy's mouth on Market Street because he wouldn't give me a cigarette. Do you believe in the devil?" he inquires suddenly.

"Why? Do you?" I counter.

"I know!" he thunders. The dog chain snaps against the tabletop. He shifts again, perhaps sensing he is needlessly in too deep, then leans toward me and whispers, "You people really scare me." Which is bullshit.

Soon he is insisting he isn't really very tough. He tells me to hit him as much as I want. He talks of how much he'd like to box Muhammad Ali—not for the money but to get hit.

"I love it," he swears. His battered face looks it.

He rises as if to leave, saying he is going over to Union Street, a singles-bar neighborhood, to make some money. Sometimes you can pick up a closet case.

"If I ever see the girl who first gave me head," he begins in the doorway anew, "I'll kill her." He is roaring once more, at the edge. "Because it's a sin! And it's written in the Book that it's a sin!" By now, he is shouting.

"What about boys?" teases Butterfly.

"Oh," says the punk, startled by Butterfly's probe, "that's all right." This kid has got every symptom—confusion, re-

(continued on page 95)

HARA KIRI

(will blow your brains out)



Hara-Kiri magazine is the French version of editorial suicide. In October 1960, a bricklayer-turned-cartoonist and an unemployed veteran of the original French version of the Vietnam war met in Paris. They were Cavanna and Georges Bernier, respectively. After very little discussion, they decided: What the fuck, let's put out a magazine. Their *own* magazine. Not only did they refuse advertising but they did their best to piss off every segment of society. "Don't let yourself be bought. Nobody should have control of you—not even the readers," to quote Cavanna. Now *that's* editorial suicide in any language.

Suicide Attempt # 1

They started selling a few pages of newsprint on the street. After a few issues, the newsstands started distributing their paper. They knew they had made it when the government busted them after ten issues. The charge: dangerous to the youth of the nation. They must have been doing something right.

Suicide Attempt # 2

Once they had picked their guts up out of the gutter, they got things going again. But five years later they overextended themselves financially, and the government took advantage of their money problems and banned them again. It was merely harassment, retribution for all those nasty comments about *everybody*. The government didn't want to hurt anybody or limit freedom of expression. No, they just wanted Bernier and Cavanna to lose every fucking cent they had so they would shut up and leave the population alone. So Bernier and Cavanna were then left holding approximately 210,000 copies of the magazine and a bunch of bouncing checks.

Suicide Attempt # 3

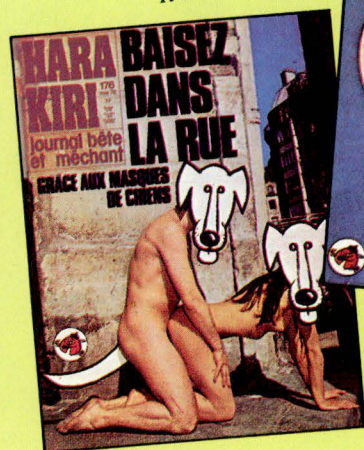
Undaunted in their dive for destruction, Bernier, Cavanna and a few loyal contributors started over from scratch. So what if they got in trouble? How else can you tell that you're doing a good job? Things would have worked out fine, but Charles de Gaulle died in 1970. *Hara-Kiri* made the whole affair into a dumb joke...for the hell of it...on the cover. The result: They were busted for pornography. What do you do if your publication is banned? Simple. Change the name for a few issues. Shit, it might work. Bernier and Cavanna got away with it.

Victim of the Future

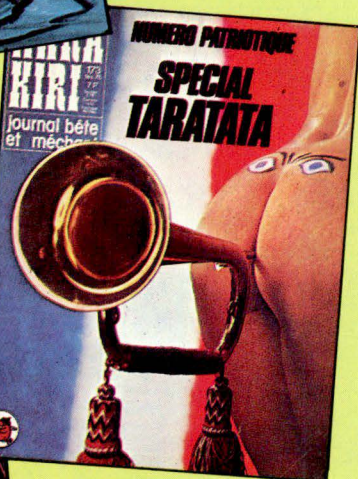
Hara-Kiri seems to be a failure. After doing everything they could to commit editorial suicide, Cavanna and Bernier are stuck with a successful—and growing—publication. The French public likes it. Instead of stringing up these two mad-dog editors for abusing the standards of society, ridiculing the morals of the entire nation and indulging in any insane notion that pops into their off-the-wall heads, the crazy Frogs are buying more copies of *Hara-Kiri* each issue. But who knows? Some psychologists claim that most people who attempt suicide don't really want to kill themselves at all. They merely want recognition. In that light, count this suicide as a success. If you would like to contribute to the death wish of these folks, or maybe just help them along with the attention they've always really wanted, you can subscribe for one year by sending 95 francs (approximately \$20) to 10 rue des Trois Portes 75005, Paris, France. International money orders can be obtained at the post office, American Express offices and at many banks.



TRANSLATION:
Vacation Time '75
It's Started!



TRANSLATION:
Fuck in the Street,
Thanks to Dog Masks



TRANSLATION:
A Patriotic Number
Special Taratata

Ne changez plus de Tampax CHANGEZ DE MOTO!



Pas marie. Suzy a noté qu'on les démasquait. D'as qu'on voit une pomme d'Adam par le trou qui elle a un bikini... C'est ça que les riboucs. Côté Suzy faisait un petit colbaque, m'quer ça croquer un petit foulard? qu'il avait trouvé pousser la barbe menter de papille pas des masses son virage de cuti, une drôle d'en croquer. M'pincer pour une Elle aussi était amant bon pote deux ronds. Fau l'hérédité commi Mandue de bol n'avant pas de passait ses aig C'était lui qui miso à tel poi même avec un filaient des bol même qu'il ait ainsi qu'il vira

Seulement ça n point noir, c'at ton. Ça faisait gent pédoues. On l'appelait li

C'est comme trouer un tur Le premier circ gagea. Très v l'homme-tronc une femme-tr nichemarde. C quibus. Suzy po sion. Suzy po pas marie on

La vie sexuelle limitée. Le remment se fa des étiquette

Pendant que feuilles, il l'ul guiler duo. P tion, le coust tudes. Le tro

TRANSLATION:

Don't Change Your Tampon,
Change Your Motorcycle.



sur la plage,
vous ne savez pas où
mettre votre argent...
**C'EST POURTANT
SIMPLE!**

TRANSLATION:

Madame Nudist:
At the Beach You Never Know Where
to Keep Your Money... However, It's Very Simple.

CHANGEZ DE SEXE



grâce aux
HORMONES
vendues en
pharmacie

NEIGE

as de jardin qui se anche-neige et les force émaillée, jolip pelouss. Mais atrompez pas en ateur de jardins un avait disposé huit tpi fut aussitôt ly-

POST

reprise les engrais se que le compost préparer lui-même. est subtil. Ça ne faut observer longement, les foras de la nature, les transformations, s danses rituelles pas à pas les chezoires des vers de post est une as-

veler. Choisissez mais sans excès, modération, en renue herbu mais pas avec mesure, mouillé, sec mais Nous pouvons

du compost, ce ay attention! Nos contiennent une e matériaux inuti-même nuisibles. e deux tas. D'un les feuilles morope, les dégueulis, les tamps tommeur, les chats es d'ongles, les gagnent plus ce crottes de coins non-désirés, les s, les râclures, en est susceptible de comprendre les bandages à her-, les camions les pmeus pour s haut après les alle à manger, ce le la salle à manurt en plastique, s, le buffet Henri



TRANSLATION:

Winter without Heating?
Burn Your Unemployed.

TRANSLATION:

Change Sex.
Thanks to Hormones Found at the Drugstore.

VOTRE ENFANT VAUT PLUS CHER QU'UNE MOTO. NE LE LAISSEZ PAS DANS LA RUE SANS L'ATTACHER



avec la chaîne
ANTI-RAPT
plus de rapt

TRANSLATION:
*Your Child Is More Valuable than a Motorbike.
Don't Leave Him in the Street without a Lock.
With the Antitheft Chain—No More Thefts.*

Le printemps est là ! B...
tu prêt ? Descendons...
un tour de jardin et pas
détail.

LA PELOUSE

Ah, ah, au premier s...
commence à s'éman...
vez comment sont les...
ne les tond pas deux...
ce n'est plus de la j...
l'herbe. De l'herbe ?
Un conseil : c...
fois pour toutes di...
ton sur la pelouse...
peignez moi ça en...
mais, les poils ? L...
poils, il lui manq...
moi le trouve. Le...
bien avant de peind...
de tapis-brosse. V...
nover des râteaux...
beaucoup de râteaux...
l'air, bien serrés. O...
se ? Une pelouse...
comme une télé...
son. Qu'à cela ne...
vous, dans la sé...
nature, un dis...
tondeuse à gaz...
chaîne stéréo et...
à pleine puissance...
installe dans vo...
pompoms, un vo...
en profitez be...
vous échevillant...
tondeuse.

LA M

Mais que vous...
arbres du parc...
apaise couché...
vert. Absolum...
autres, spécia...
cela de la mou...
saleté inutile...
voisins vous n...
que les arbres...
se couvrir de...
posé au Nord...
mousses, elle...
drus qu'avant...
visager des...
Certains vou...
quer la petit...
gentie avec...
petit sifflet...
tre arbre pe...
nich. Mauv...
lui ferez be...
sultats sero...
tes, ne sa...
Nord, mai...

Dans chaque boîte de coton-tige, UNE PERCEUSE !

cadeau!

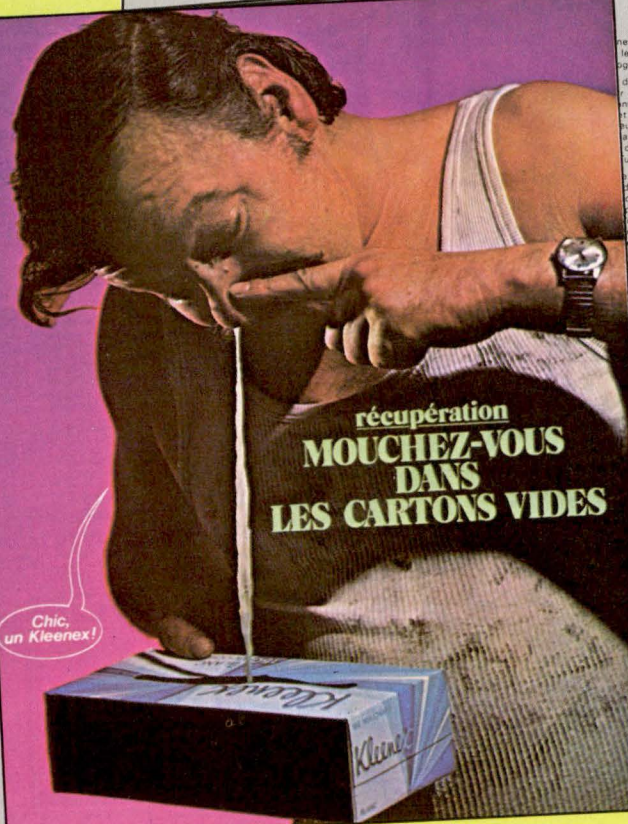


Nettoyer les oreilles des enfants est une corvée. A 3500 tours-minute, c'est un plaisir.



TRANSLATION:
*In Each Box of Cotton Swabs, a Drill!
Cleaning children's ears can be a chore.
At 3500 revolutions per minute, it's a pleasure.*

course
iger de
u il va
pneus.
s. C'est
spirit, et
bien ce
par les
elle, les
pierres
sûr de
rés de
avant du
est très
inquiète
vous
s atten
air d'un
as faux
doivent
pierres
bien imi
l'air trop
« Peuh,
un méri...
ts, c'est
lettez de
ve direz-
s élasti-
ce com-
nd votre
vent, de
pouvez
par su-
us, prati-
z pas de
un petit
ne petite
redessus,
qui fera...
us ? Qu'à
te à tou-
ristique.
exécution
le statue
en vieux
passidère
cat. Vous
uer à des
ar exem-
p Le plus
t après il



récupération
MOUCHEZ-VOUS
DANS
LES CARTONS VIDES

Chic,
un Kleenex!

nes voyous du HLM du
les mésanges, les rossi-
gnols, les éléphants...
de les raisonner, de les
douce persuasion, de
ntes de fées. Ils vous ri-
et vous fenteraient des-
soul les touchent. C'est de
le le mal dans la peau,
de mals, on ne discute
peut.
de de vous est l'éléphant,
des pièges à éléphants
din. Creusez-en beau-
profond ! tenez compte
bire plage doit être as-
sûr que, debout sur ses
sire et la trompe dres-
ne puisse attendre le
éléphant ne peut mourir
son cuir est absolu-
ment aux projectiles et
échants ou perforants,
de sa trompe parvient
eau du sol, les petits
des cacavettes sur
trompe et l'éléphant
is. Vous me direz que
ont plutôt rares sous
il, mais songez qu'un
votre trois hectares de
les l'éléphant, il y a la
quelle sautoie ? On
nt que la taupe est
et travailleur qui
tres compliqué de
sire avec, de loin en
esticule en forme de
respirer le bon air,
se est une feignante,
à jamais vue se dé-
du sol, on en a com-
qu'elle se déplace
à est que la taupe
petits monticules à
à le dos tourné. Elle
nier et repère où il
graines sélection-
na dévorer pendant
sire imaginer les ri-
ques de la sacrée
p paresseuse pour
de galeries qu'on
croule pour avoir
travailleur. C'est
en plus. Nous de-
braque nous tou-
er du cor afin que
bourse avec nous
au Seigneur notre
tuer la taupe ? J'y
us n'êtes pas sans

APPRENEZ LE GESTE QUI AVORTE



TRANSLATION:
Learn the Moves That Abort.

TRANSLATION:
*Recycle.
Blow Your Nose into the Empty Carton.*



Prudence

Maid for Love



Photographed by Clive McLean

Dark-haired English beauty Prudence finds that she's falling in love again—but with history rather than a man.

Prudence is developing a fetish for the love trappings of the Victorian age: frilly, lace underwear and stern discipline.

"My bloke and I often pretend to be headmaster and naughty student at a finishing school, and I mean he's a headmaster. He's English; however, his upper lip is anything but stiff," Prudence says all she needs are a few flicks of the man's tongue to be whipped into a London fog.

Prudence, our English maiden, is chipper about the fact there are a lot of fish in the sea who enjoy her throwback fantasy to Britain's earlier days. We can only hope she's a patriotic Briton and spreads the wealth around.













The Sacrifice *Fiction by J.R. Rivers*

Brockman told Warden about her one night in a bar on 7th Avenue. He said she was a great-looking girl, but she was violent. She went into moods, or fits. When she was completely out of control, she would tear up the apartment, rip up the curtains and bedsheets, smash things. Afterward she would sit in a corner of the bedroom and cry for hours, sometimes for an entire day. Brockman's business partner had lived with her for a couple of months—until she turned her violence on him, clawing at him, fighting him as if she were a primitive tribeswoman caught in some death ritual. Brockman's partner got out quick.

"It was a damn shame," Brockman said. "She was such a dynamite-looking head. And most of the time she was gentle as a lamb."

Warden's curiosity was aroused. "Whatever happened to her?"

Brockman shrugged. "She's still around. She works in a gallery over on Madison. You can get away with being schizo if you're an artist."

Warden took the next day off and walked over to Madison. The gallery was on the corner of 74th. In the window, there was a large impressionist piece, blurs of greens and blues in which were buried the vague outline of a house and its even vaguer reflection in a pond. Inside, there was more of the same. He liked it better than the geometric stuff, but still it left him cold.

The girl sat reading at a large mahogany desk in the back. She lifted her head and smiled at him when he came in. Brockman was right. She had the kind of face that was easy to fall in love with. Her cheeks were full, almost babylike, but her eyes were sensual. She wore her hair short, pulled back over her ears. What made her compelling to look at was the wary sensuality of her eyes, which belied the more apparent openness and innocence of her smile.

Warden smiled and turned back to the paintings, moving slowly along the wall in a pretense of interest. After listening to Brockman, he wondered how he could have been so sure that he would want her. So sure and so right. The only thing he hadn't





Kamurok

counted on was the color of her hair. He'd figured her for a brunette, hair that was long, hair the color of midnight. Darkness. Passion. But her hair was blond, a color he seemed to remember from childhood fairy tales, the color of hair he'd always imagined for Cinderella, or Alice.

"Are you looking for something in particular?" She had closed her book. She watched him with mild amusement.

"No—well, yes. I need something for my apartment."

"You've just moved?"

"Yes." He had, in fact, been living in the same place for almost five years now—a modern three-room, off Columbus Circle. But it *looked* as if he had just moved. Besides some necessary furniture, essentially the apartment was bare. He had never bothered to hang pictures on the white plasterboard walls. When he first moved in, he bought a half-dozen plants in a passing attempt for warmth. But, one by one, through his indifference and neglect, they had all died. He had never bothered to replace them.

"Did you see anything that interested you?"

"Not really. My tastes are a bit old-fashioned, I guess. I still like paintings with people in them."

She laughed lightly, tossing her head forward. He couldn't tell if she was making fun of his tastes or agreeing with him. She raised her eyes to his. "You won't find too much of that in galleries. Have you thought about photographs?"

"No. I've just started looking. I really haven't given too much thought to it."

"Do you like faces?"

"You mean portraits?"

She laughed again, this time without derision, but he was beginning to worry that she would soon see through his bluff. "I was thinking about the more candid shots. There's a show tonight by this guy in Soho. He does fantastic things with faces. If you're really interested I'll give you the address."

She pushed her chair back and reached into a bottom drawer of the desk. In her gray turtleneck and black skirt, her body seemed supple and full and, at the same time, elegant. She handed him a buff-colored card, then reached again to close the drawer. She leaned forward and rested her elbows on the desk, her face propped up on her hands.

"Are you going?"

"I don't know." Her eyes flashed evasively away from his and focused somewhere across the gallery. When she looked at him again, he saw tension in her eyes. But the tension, or at least his perception of it, lingered no more than a moment. "I've got some things to do after work," she said quietly. "I just don't know yet."

"Maybe I'll see you there," he said as casually as he could. "Thanks very much for the information."

As Warden came out onto the street, he thought of the fragile doll-like look of her face propped on her hands. Brockman had been right: She did seem gentle as a lamb.

The face in the photograph was filled with the anticipation of pain. It was the face of a young boy, thrust forward at almost right angles to the body by a uniformed arm. Another arm held a billy

She looked
at herself in
the mirror and
pushed her
panties down
below her crotch.

club inches above the boy's face. The cop's face and figure were intentionally blurred so that the emphasis was on the relationship between the arms and the face. But what intrigued Warden most about the picture was the expression on the boy's face, its quality of suspension between terror and anticipation, as if the boy had already succumbed to the inevitable.

"What do you think?" she asked, suddenly behind him. He turned to find her smiling brightly at him, dressed as she was when he'd first seen her, except that now she wore a beige trench coat.

"I don't know. His view of reality is a bit stark."

"That's what I like about him," she said eagerly. "He cuts away all the facial camouflage and gets to what's really there."

"I think this kind of picture might be a bit heavy for my living room, though," he said dryly. He wanted to shift the conversation to a more informal plane. "Don't you agree?"

"Yes," she laughed. "I know what you mean. It's bad enough we have to live with that inside us. Let's go into the other room. Maybe the pictures there will be a little cheerier."

But the photographs there were just as painfully uncompromising in their portrait of humanity. Naked faces twisted out of shape by terror or pain. She seemed to know a lot of people, and she continually ran off to talk to someone, leaving him to brood over the pictures alone. He found

himself feeling jealous during her absences, and it was hard for him to hide his resentment when she returned.

"I want to introduce you to someone," she said at one point, "but I don't even know your name."

"Cliff Warden." He already knew hers, but he said, "And yours?"

"Susan. Susan Matthews."

She took him over to meet the photographer, Alex Wakoski. Wakoski had thick black hair and a beard to match. He was tall and impressive looking, and Warden took an instant dislike to him. At the first lull in the conversation, he tried to get Susan out of there, realizing that they were never going to get any closer this evening as long as she was around people she knew. He asked her out for a drink.

"No," she said. "I'm tired."

"I'll take you home then."

She lived in a loft in the 80s, just off First. In the cab, she seemed to withdraw, her earlier buoyancy fading rapidly. Afraid that if she got too far inside herself he wouldn't have a chance with her, he kept up a continual patter of conversation, joking with her, teasing her. When they got out of the cab, he didn't bother to wait for an invitation but instead simply led her up the stairs to her apartment.

On the landing, he kissed her once before they went in. She didn't respond, but she didn't pull away, either. Inside her apartment, he pulled her close and kissed her again. She did little more than yield to his advances. He was afraid that if he didn't make her tonight, he wouldn't get another chance, a fear he had whenever he was with a woman who really turned him on. He kissed her again, roughly this time, insistently, pressing his hardened cock into her crotch. She pulled away from him.

"All right," she said.

She led him to the back of the loft, where she had set up a bedroom, partitioned off from the rest of the loft by a homemade bookcase of bricks and unpainted planks. She took off all of her clothes except her blue knit panties. She crossed to an oak dresser, pulled out a blue work shirt and put it on. Then she sat up at the head of the bed and watched him undress, his cock springing out insistently when he opened his zipper. When he climbed onto the bed, she slid away from him when he reached to touch her.

"Don't," she said. She pulled back, sitting like a dancer with her legs crossed, her back perfectly straight against the headboard. She turned her body to look at herself in the mirror on the opposite wall. She pushed her panties down below her crotch. Her shirt was opened. He could see her belly moving in an easy rhythm.

"Let me fuck you," he said.

She shook her head. "I want you to



"I'm really sick of picking up after you, Susan."

watch me. That's all. Just watch me."

Normally he would have forced himself upon her. In the past, he never would have let a woman get away with that. But now he felt a curious new sensation, the pleasure of acquiescence, of giving up something he wanted for her pleasure. His desire to give himself up to her in whatever way she wanted equalled and even exceeded his own desire to fuck her. He slid down to the opposite end of the bed so that she had more room, as if she were on a stage and he were her audience.

She kept watching the mirror. She put her hand flat down over her pubic hair and moved one finger up inside her. Her body shifted on the bed. He could see the touch running up through her body into her face. Her finger moved in and out slowly under the hair. Then she turned to look at him.

She took her finger out and pushed her shirt open so that more of her belly showed. It was still brown from the summer. She reached up and took a tit in each hand. She squeezed them, almost violently at first, then more softly, stroking them down to the nipple. She pulled them up and to the side and then she just let them hang there, straight out, tight and beautiful. His cock had stiffened out in a direct line to her. He resisted the impulse to stroke it, concentrating instead on the strange pleasure his frustration gave him.

She slid her hands down over her belly and held her hips. She moved her cunt like she was slow-humping the air. Her hands played on her thighs, teased her hair and the opening of her hole. Her legs strained out taut against her panties. She reached down and pushed them below her knees. Her knees were raised now. Her body was flat on the bed. She reached inside herself again. Her knees wavered a little, side to side, her panties dropped to her ankles. She moaned once, low, and her knees opened as far as they could. Then she used her feet to kick off her panties. With her legs wide open, he could smell the heat of her, oozing from her cunt.

Her eyes were dark, staring into him as if he were a mirror. She seemed to be straining to see herself. She touched herself again and moaned. Then she rolled over onto her belly, not taking her hand out from inside her. Lying flat now, her ass slightly humped, her legs wide apart, her hand up inside her cunt, she began to move in slow circles on the bed.

Her whole body moved. He could feel it without touching her, feel it in the sway of the mattress, in her foot that now pressed heavily against his leg. Caught between two conflicting impulses, he reached up and fingered her asshole and pulled his body up alongside of hers.

"No," she said, through her moans.

He obeyed, again puzzled by his easy acceptance of her wishes. She turned over and lay flat next to him. Her finger flicked steadily in and out—fast now, faster than her moans. Her body began to tremble. She held her cunt taut, pulled it sharp and down against the mattress. Then her cunt began to strain upward into her fingers. It jerked violently. She let out a long moan. Her body twisted, rocked against him. Her legs were bent up tight against her finger. Then slowly they relaxed. Her finger went limp. She lay there, her head

He shuddered
at the violence
and hatred in her
eyes. He felt
drawn to it and
repelled by it.

turned away from him, her eyes closed, her lips barely parted, breathing hard.

He felt himself breathing hard. His cock throbbed in what he could only call pain. He reached for it and began to stroke it. She opened her eyes and watched him. He watched her watching him and he felt exultant in a strange and unfamiliar way. He was so excited, that, in a matter of moments, he felt his cock tighten to the point of no return. And as if he were offering himself to her, he held his cock at an angle so that his sperm shot out in a shower of gratitude over her belly.

* * *

Giving into her was a new form of fulfillment for him. Unlike his previous relationships, his primary desire was to give himself up to her pleasure. Instead of directing the scenario of their sex session, he followed her lead. If she wanted him to watch her masturbate, he did. If she wanted to suck him off without coming herself, he didn't feel threatened by the fact that his cock didn't bring her to heights of ecstasy.

When they did fuck, he thought of himself as a means to an end, rather than the end itself. She often climbed on top of him and he held his cock upward for her to ride, to gyrate around. Once, she strapped on a hard rubber prick and forced it into his asshole. He accepted the pain of it, the bizarre sense of *being* fucked, and he felt himself melting under the intensity of her need. Willingly he gave up his pride, his image of himself, even his rigid sense of

masculinity, because at that moment she wanted him to.

When she had finished thrusting into him and they lay together, spent, each spun away from whatever images they had lived by, he felt overcome by emotions so strong that he uttered breathlessly, "I'll be anything you want me to be. Anything."

"You know," she said, another time after sex, his chest, back and legs scarred with the marks of her teeth, his insides still shaking from the animalistic intensity of her fucking, "what all my shrinks have said about me?"

He shook his head. "What?"

"That I want to destroy everything I touch."

"I'm not afraid," he said. "If you're trying to warn me."

And the next morning, exactly three weeks to the day that he first went to the gallery, he moved in with her. From his apartment, he took his toothbrush, his razor and a half-dozen paperbacks and stuffed them into a Pan Am flight bag. He didn't bother to inform the super. Instead, he left the key on the dining-room table. When he pulled the door closed behind him, he felt neither sadness nor loss that in the 35 years of his life he had accumulated nothing—clothes, furniture or mementos of any kind—that mattered in the least to him.

It seemed that almost as soon as he moved in with her, things turned bad. At first, there was nothing more obvious than a slight edginess about her, an irritability over trifles, which he dismissed as the normal anxiety common to the early stages of most affairs. She would drop things in the kitchen or reply sarcastically to innocent comments he would make. He kept waiting for it to pass. But instead she grew worse.

One night she dropped a plate of roast beef as she was carrying it to the dining-room table, and she burst into tears. "See how clumsy I am," she cried. And it took him almost an hour to console her.

At other times she would get sullen and withdrawn and refuse to talk to him, acting as if he weren't there. This hurt him deeply, and on a number of occasions he tried to discuss it with her, but she wouldn't talk about it.

"Do you want me to move out?" he would ask. And always she would reply quickly, desperately, "No. No. I just get moody sometimes," she would say. "Don't pay any attention to it. And please don't take it personally."

But of course he did. He took everything personally. And he would try to figure out what he had done to cause her reaction. Then he came home one night to find her sitting on the floor in the part of

(continued on page 97)



CINDY

SWEET AS HONEYDEW

Photographed by Clive McLean

She's only 20, but Cindy's big undertaking is to experience life to the fullest. "I've already done a lot for my age. I've tried the bi scene and threesomes," Cindy admits, after a bit of reflection. But she hastens to add, "No animals, though."

Cindy likes her sex "nice and easy," with men of polish. "But I'd like to try bondage on a man as the highlight of an all-night sex adventure," claims this up-front Milwaukee native. The adventure would include lots of oil and a round water bed.

Experience is an orchard of ripe fruits begging to be tasted, and Cindy plans to get what she deserves.

"I'm searching for the right lifestyle, but I just can't put my finger on it," she boasts. "But I won't turn down a helping hand."









HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 40)

flushed with righteous indignation. What kind of man is this? (Later, Al Van Schaik would say, "Of course he believes in Santa Claus. On Christmas Eve, his wife makes him go to bed early so she can hide the presents.")

The opening arguments for the defense are a bit less specious. Fahringer (representing Larry), who is the embodiment of charm, shows extreme deference to the jury (in Brooklyn we used to call it ass kissing). He tells them how honored he is to be in their great city and how he knows they will bring in a just verdict. In between these bouquets, he painfully points out that in keeping with the law the jurors will have to make a distinction between obscenity and tastelessness, explaining that for something to be obscene, it must, *taken as a whole*, appeal to the average person's prurient (shameful, degrading or lustful) interest. Tastelessness per se is not a crime.

In contrast to Fahringer's "Mr. Nice," Paul Cambria (representing Jimmy), plays the heavy, exhibiting an aggressive, almost arrogant courtroom

style. (I figure Fahringer lets him get away with this because he's short, and short guys don't scare people.) Cambria carefully explains what will become, during the course of the trial, his recurring theme—HUSTLER is not published in Hamilton County.

HUSTLER has its offices in Columbus, which is in Franklin County. At the time of the indictment, it was being printed in Dayton, which is in Montgomery County, and distributed by Capital Distributing Company, which isn't even in Ohio. It's in Connecticut. Yet the indictment handed down by the grand jury charged that the defendants engaged in organized crime (published the magazine) in Hamilton County.

That charge is ridiculous. During the course of the trial, the defense will explain again and again that once the printed copies of the magazine are in the hands of the distributor, the publisher no longer has control over where the magazines will eventually be sold. That is determined by the distributor, who, in this case, subcontracted to the J. L. Marshall News Company for distribution in the Cincinnati area. J. L. Marshall has the option of refusing issues it feels exceed community standards and has done so with other publications on more than one occasion.

Logically then, if anyone had committed a crime in Hamilton County, it was

J. L. Marshall. But, although they had been named in the original indictment (along with Capital and Dayton Press), they had since been granted immunity in exchange for testifying on behalf of the prosecution.

Obviously, the implications here are far-reaching. Under these circumstances, if Leis could successfully prosecute this case any two-bit prosecutor in the country could do the same to any publication anywhere in the country, whether it be HUSTLER, *National Lampoon* or even the *New York Times*. As Cambria indicates, winding down his opening statement, "If these defendants can be convicted on this impoverished proof, then none of us is safe."

Not being able to talk to the press bothered me. I knew that at the very least it would be a good way to pick up background information on Leis and Cartolano. As it happened, all I was able to find out about Cartolano was that he has two children and that about 15 years ago he once had to piece together a human body by telephone. (It seems that there was this guy in Cincinnati who killed his 20-year-old stepson and then cut him into little pieces, which he scattered around Newport, Kentucky, just across the river from Cincinnati. Cartolano, always the flunky, was assigned to find the pieces. The murderer, by the way, was released in 1972 and has since moved to Columbus. Great!)

As for Leis's personal life, before the trial was to end, he would characterize the act of fellatio as being repulsive. One can only speculate as to the kind of relationship he has with his wife, but it would seem unlikely that Leis can tell a clitoris from a rutabaga. One would suppose Mrs. Leis is an *extremely* tense woman.

There was one other reason I bridled at having to maintain a low profile. The secretaries and female legal assistants in the building were numerous, attractive and quite friendly. Before the trial would end, more than one member of the HUSTLER contingent would make a score. There's no question that the Hamilton County Courthouse is one of the best pick-up joints in the city of Cincinnati. But in order to maintain my anonymity, I had to be satisfied with nosing around the Common Pleas Courts, where pickings were limited to hookers who'd been brought in for prostitution or maybe some cracker's wife who was charging her husband with assault. Conversations with those people tended to be very one-sided.

The best-looking girl in the building



"Wow! Shaved beaver!"

was Judge Morrissey's daughter, a young frosted blonde who would drop into the courtroom at noon to meet her father for lunch. Being the despicable, low-bred sort of person I am, I immediately envisioned myself putting the make on her. I figured that I could avoid being identified by using my *Rolling Stone* press card (which I had had printed myself since *Rolling Stone* magazine, through some oversight, had never gotten around to giving me an assignment). I'd tell her that I was interested in getting some background information on her dad. If I scored, it would make a nice little touch for the article. Sure, it's a crummy thing to do, but what the hell.

"Listen, Bruce," Larry says, cornering me in the third-floor men's room during a recess, "I want you to stay away from Morrissey's daughter."

"Shit." I take a kick at the tile wall. "It could be great for the story. Great background. Insight. How do you expect me to get a story if you won't let me talk to anyone? Besides, I might get laid. Picture it in the story—the symbolism is fantastic—I'm doing to Morrissey's daughter what he's trying to do to you."

"Goddamn it, Morrissey is *my* judge," Larry snaps. "I'm on trial here facing 25 years, and *you* want to fuck the judge's daughter."

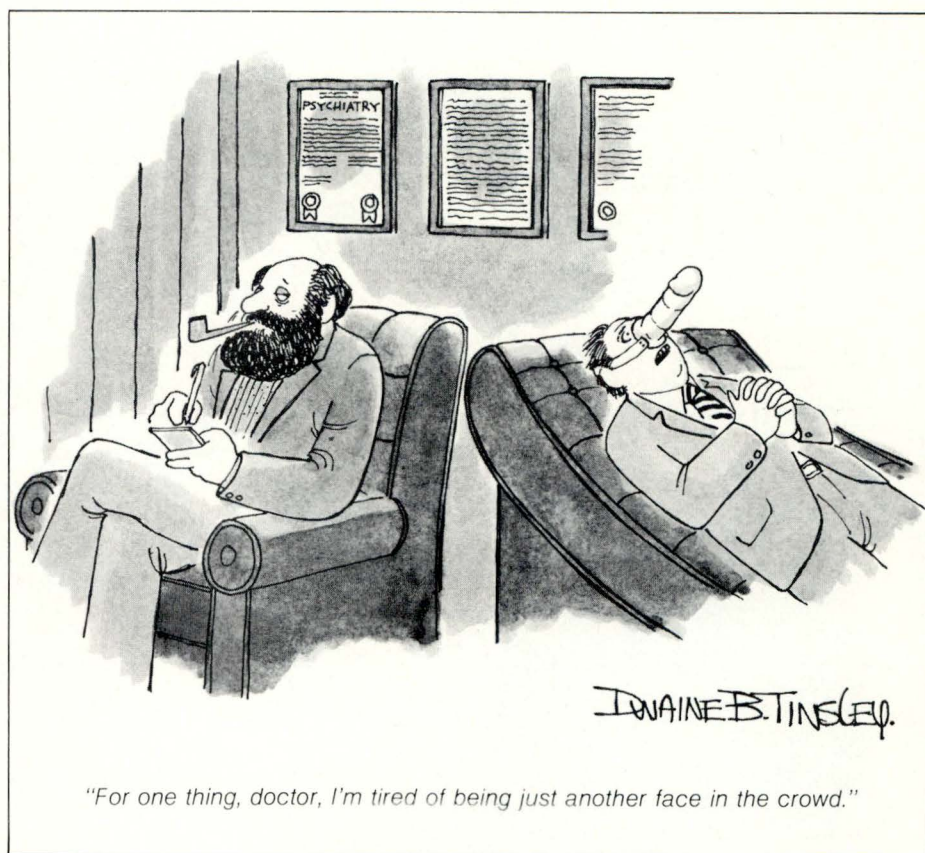
Put in that light, I had to back off.

So during the day, girl-watching was my only escape from the tedious case being presented by the prosecution. It was a case solely based on the indicted issues (which the jury wouldn't see until they went into deliberation) and the fact that HUSTLER was sold in Hamilton County. The only witnesses Leis presented were those from Dayton Press, Capital and J. L. Marshall. Essentially, all they did was confirm what had already been conceded: that they had printed and distributed HUSTLER.

* * *

When the court adjourned each day, all of us returned to Larry's suite on the 20th floor of the Stouffer's Hotel to watch and videotape the news and to handle the business of running a magazine. At different times during the week, we'd be joined by various department heads, as well as members of the editorial staff, who had come down from Columbus. Even on those days when nobody from the HUSTLER offices was in town, there was a constant flow of memos shuttling back and forth, all requiring Larry's attention.

Even under the best of circumstances, Larry's need to be involved in every aspect of the magazine makes things



"For one thing, doctor, I'm tired of being just another face in the crowd."

difficult. But during the trial, things became unusually tense. Fahringer's complaints about HUSTLER's excessive violence, coupled with the pressure of the trial, were causing Larry to examine material for the magazine even more closely than usual. Although he denied it, it was beginning to seem as if the trial were influencing Larry's editorial judgment, and certain members of the staff were already beginning to refer to Fahringer as "the new guy." Even worse, all business had to be telescoped into weekends and evening hours. There was a constant flow of dialog that was interrupted by the ringing of the telephones and the brisk exchange of commands, as Larry's two bodyguards frantically switched channels to ensure that they taped the news coverage on the three major stations.

"Quick," Althea shrieks from the bedroom where she's watching one of the suite's two sets. "Channel 5. Tom Craig's on."

In the living room, Ed nervously flicks stations while at the same time pressing the record button on the video tape machine.

"Larry, we've got some artwork up from Columbus..."

"Damn it, Bruce, I'm watching this. Ed, is that machine set right. YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG CHANNEL SELECTOR ON THE MACHINE!"

Ed spastically flips the channel selec-

tor on the tape machine. "I got it. I got it."

The newscaster on Channel 5 goes into another story. Ed flips to Channel 9. For a moment, things are quiet. Jack Gallagher, Vice-President of Finance, seizes the moment. "Larry, when you get a chance, there are some checks to be signed."

"What did you think of that coverage?" Larry asks Jack. "That was good for us."

"Yeah," says Jack.

"Absolutely," I chime in, "but why do they keep running that horrible photo of Fahringer?" (The photo, which they'd been running for weeks, makes poor, dignified Fahringer look like a raving fiend. I could guess why they kept running it.)

"I'll sign the checks at dinner. Ed, get me the West Coast."

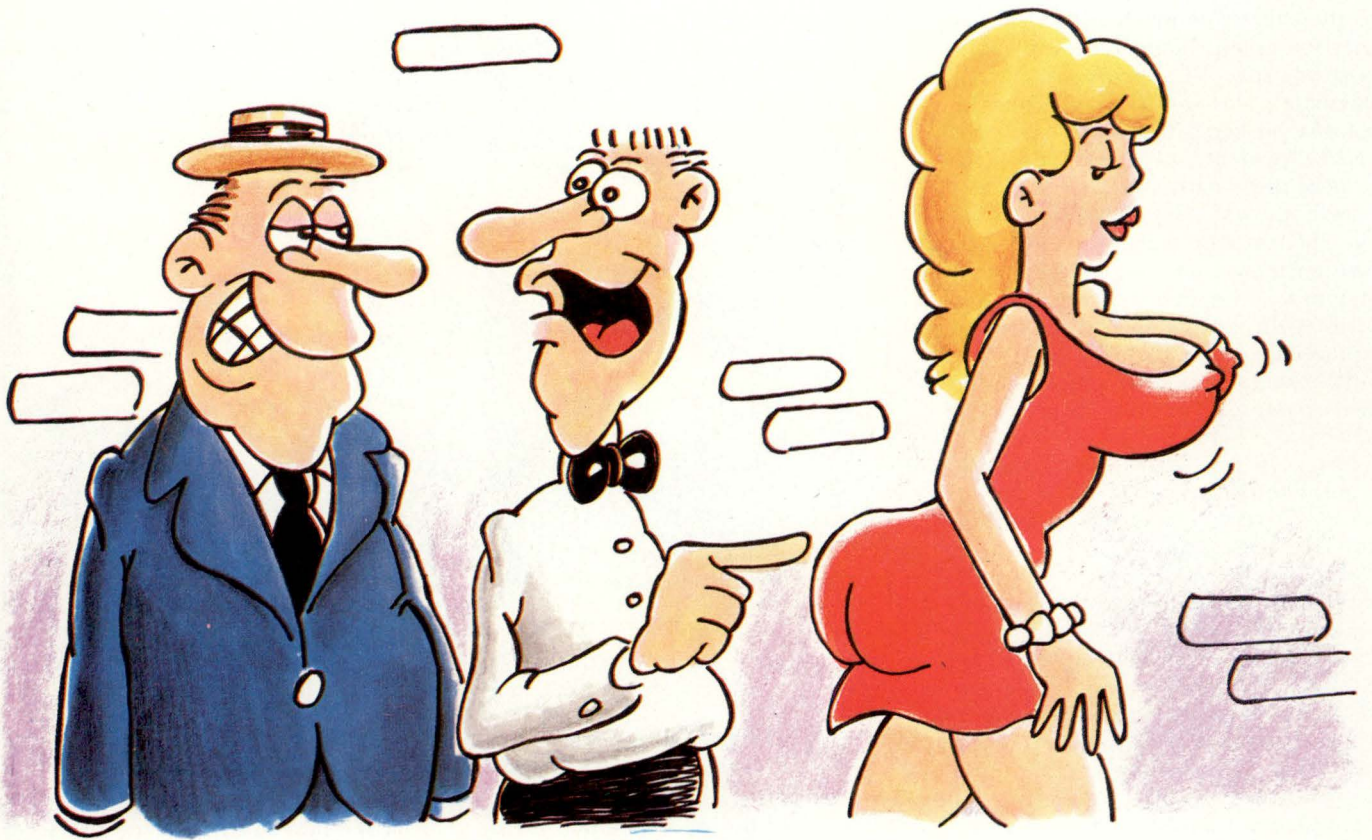
Another lull. Carole Trimble, the public relations director, walks into the room. "I'm leaving for my dinner engagement," she says.

"Did you contact those newspaper people in Texas?"

"Well, I don't have time now."

"You don't have time?" Larry's face suddenly flushes. "I'm facing 25 years in jail and *you* don't have time?" His voice gets louder. I look out the window at the Ohio River and start my deep-breathing exercises. Gallagher throws himself into

(continued on page 104)



"I'd eat a bucket of her shit just to smell her asshole."



D. Collins

THE SAN FRANCISCO FAG MURDERS

(continued from page 70)

pression, guilt, aggression. He is grinning for the first time.

And he decides to return to the kitchen table. Timothy and John stop by on their way from the living room, have some pastry and say they're leaving. And so do I. Butterfly's backgrounding on the punk has been a success. Timothy and John bound ahead of me down the flights of stairs, tittering about the goon up there in the kitchen with Butterfly, then laughing as they burst upon the Polk Street night. It would not be long, of course, before other boys in tight jeans would ring Butterfly's doorbell, and, being a generous person, he would invite them up and offer them a joint or a cup of coffee. They would drape themselves across his furniture and stare with faint interest at the TV until he, or they, got tired and went out to cruise Polk Street.

This night Polk Street is teeming. Men are making overtures to each other. I hear cooing sounds as I walk along the side-

walk, mating calls. The night is charged.

In front of Sukker's Likker, at Polk and Pine Streets—decidedly the heart of the neighborhood—another crew-cut man is posing in his leathers. He wears a motorcycle cap, a la Brando in *The Wild One*. On the front of the cap is a small, silver, clenched-fist insignia. It does not mean "power to the people." It means fist-fucking. He also sports a key ring on his left hip. It means he is a master. A boss. He has so many keys on the ring he must be a warden! The punks, those on the bottom—the slaves—dress keys right. The traffic signal changes and he crosses Polk Street. There is not an ounce of fat visible on him as he struts. He looks very strong. Maybe he's heading for Folsom Street. Maybe he'll have luck there and run into a guy who likes a good harness. Maybe somebody in a dog collar. Sex must be quick and anonymous when society is out to get you. Sex with strangers. Meeting Mr. Right for the first time. Every night, Mr. Right. So if you get someone who is crazy....

I worry about Butterfly as I make my way from Polk Street. He's too indiscriminate. There are all those lean young boys in his apartment all the time. Too easy to become a victim. I phone him when I get

home. "I finally got rid of him," Butterfly laughs. "Whew! You know, I had to employ a logic that was one step ahead in craziness to his. If I had shown fear, he would have stayed and tried something. There would have been bloodshed. At the least."

So many people risking....

"We can't get around that," admits detective Toschi. "We know all along that the thrill is meeting a new guy. That's their existence. We try to tell them, 'Hey, be careful,' but it's like a guy meeting a pretty girl. It's tough. They see 'em, they're aroused. And they go."

BULLETIN: Guy upstairs (gay upstairs) is alive. I know; I saw him in front of the building today. He got through the night. Sometimes, though, I wish somebody'd nail that pansy. He's forever in the shower. Must be into water sports. Uses up all the hot water in the building. I'd dust the cocksucker myself, but they'd figure it was just another fruiter murder having nothing to do with hot water.

"...Making contact and not knowing the guy. We can't get around that. He looks like Tab Hunter. A good-looking kid with blond hair. Or he looks like Marlon Brando or Rock Hudson. And, for Christ's sake, he's Bluebeard. All of a sudden he's

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got you in a car, or over at your pad, or at his pad, and he's coming at you with a knife. Or a sap. And he says, 'Do you mind if I tie you a little bit tighter, your hands and legs. I kinda get my kicks that way.' And all of a sudden you can't get away. And he's a stranger.

"That is what we try to tell these people in the bars. For God's sake, when you've been drinking, your inhibitions are not what they should be. And you're hot and bothered. 'Jesus Christ, that's a good-looking guy over there!' And let's face it, these guys *like* guys. They're *attracted* to them. And vice versa. We try to tell them, 'Why don't you wait until you see them again?' But we know it's difficult because, with a gay, it's the thrill of a new meet, a new trick, a new love. If they get over that night, God bless 'em. I'm happy for them. Sometimes they make it fine. Some don't get over it. Sometimes they end up in an alley. Dead."

The alley. In the alley again. A much larger alley this time than the one where I pummeled Antoine, poor boy. Ringold Alley, off Folsom Street, where George S. Gilbert, attorney, cruised for the last time. The warehouses are still, the artists are tucked safely in their lofts, the winos are sound asleep on their beds of broken glass, dreaming under cardboard blankets. We are in a night playground of pain for men in black leather. *Machó* bikers and cowboys. They are tough guys and proud of what they are. Better not be no limp wrists from the Tenderloin coming down here. The timid ones stay north of Market Street. With me are Richard Boyle, Democratic candidate for state senate, and Ike Horn, a former professional football lineman, now a writer for *Punk* magazine, who is my research associate on this story. (Horn became my legman after I was prevented from making the rounds by an attack of phlebitis.) We have just come from Hamburger Mary's Organic Grill on Folsom Street. Boyle distributed campaign literature, and we dined. I flit now under the bare streetlight on Ringold Alley in an attempt to retrace the last steps of brother Gilbert. No one picks me up. It grows late. We go back to their bars: Febe's, the Bolt, the Ramrod, Folsom Prison, the Blue Steel Hard On, the Hungry Hole.

The Hungry Hole is an enormous bar-room, crowded with men. It is the hip new spot along Folsom's so-called Miracle Mile of ugly gay bars and bathhouses. Ike and I slip through the throng with our drinks. The candidate Boyle stays up near the front door, passing out literature. He was the last American reporter out of Cambodia; maybe he doesn't want to make the

same sort of mistake twice. Ike and I stop near the back, near a pool table. There is a crowd around the table. Why aren't they playing pool? "Jesus Christ, Ike. What's that they've got on the pool table! A body?" The research associate goes to check. "It's just an empty beer case," he reports.

A stream of men, nearly all in leather, presses toward the back door. "Maybe

A stream of men presses toward the back door. "Maybe someone is getting beaten to death," my associate suggests.

someone is getting beaten to death," my associate suggests. I instruct him to take a place in the stream toward the back door while I go up front and inform the candidate of our planned movements. Boyle is out on the sidewalk now, bent on his candidacy. I experience difficulty making my way back to Ike. Quick rubs and feels from passing men. Ike is now at the front of the line funneling through the back door. A six-footer in a biker outfit is oh-so-gently tweaking the fly of my associate's trousers. I press hard against this Brando. Tight passage. Ike starts laughing.

We are pushed through the door into a tiny courtyard filled with men. It is hard to move. I am being groped all over in the near pitch dark. There must be a hundred bodies crammed into this space. "Leather sardines," declares Ike. Someone passes a vial of amyl nitrite under his nose. He takes a sniff and I watch his reaction.

To Ike's side, a close-cropped punk is on his knees, giving head. The punk is jacking off two others at the same time. All three of the men he is jamming with are standing with their arms around one another, stone-faced, motionless. The punk is doing all the work. Another guy is on the ground, being fucked by a cowboy. All very discreet. Almost total silence. Only the sound of shoes shuffling and leather rustling. A tall black guy wearing a Lone Ranger mask lights a joint rolled in red-white-and-blue Bicentennial paper. "Shhh," he says to Ike as he lights the joint. "These cats aren't on the same trip that we're on."

What trip is that? Who the hell is this guy, the Black Doodler?

"I'm the Blown Ranger," he smiles, holding the joint to my lips. The amyl comes by again, and I can see that reckless fool Ike take another snap. His face flushes. The guy holding the vial wears a Crisco T-shirt and a woman's wristwatch. He grins at Ike. My associate grins in return. "Ike, Ike," I try to say. But someone is handing me a calling card. It says: "Fancies! Can you get into bondage, light S&M to hard-ff, water sports, enema, and all oral trips with all together guy and let yourself go? Call Tony. Keep Trying." And there is a number to call. Someone has me by the parts. I put my hand down instinctively to protect myself. The other guy's hand slips away as I brush it.

Later, inside the bar, away from that horrid courtyard, I reach into my pocket to buy some more drinks and realize that I have been dipped. I am out something like \$35. Trapped in a bad morality play: I pass through the doorway into the real Hungry Hole, that tiny courtyard, and end up with a \$35 hand job. There are no more drinks to be bought tonight. Must have been that guy who had his hands on my parts. Might've been the Blown Ranger. Could've been anybody. Anybody—like the killers.

A few nights later, I stood once more in the heart of the glitter kingdom—in front of Sukker's Likkers at Polk and Pine. It was an unusually warm night for San Francisco, with temperatures in the mid-60s. Hundreds of gay men promenaded on Polk Street in shirt-sleeves. Fairies passing in the night. Little loving, cooing sounds. It was time, I knew, to write this story; so I entered Sukker's Likkers to buy a couple of six-packs—whatever gets you through the night. The clerk eyed me as I surveyed the chewing gum rack. He thought I was going to shoplift gum? I paid at the counter.

"I wish you had stayed there longer," the clerk advanced.

"Oh, yeah?" I responded demurely.

"Yes," he affirmed, dropping his eyes to my parts. "I liked what I saw." Putting the make on me. Why, this character took just one gander at my cock and right away he wanted to run off with me to the back room! Jesus!

I smiled coyly and left. As I walked along Polk Street, Toschi's words reverberated through my mind. "Sometimes they make it fine," the detective had said. "Sometimes they end up in an alley. Dead."

That clerk back there in Sukker's Likkers wanted me. Yet, for all he knew, I might have been one of the maniacs. It could have been his last date. 🍌

The Sacrifice

(continued from page 84)

the loft she used as a studio. Around her were the tattered remains of her paintings, bits and pieces of colors, shreds of canvas that she had torn asunder.

"What's the matter?" he asked her.

She stared back at him, her eyes empty of all feeling.

"Do you want me to get a doctor?"

"No," she said, barely moving her lips.

Her refusal of help excited him, but at the same time it frightened him. He found the unpredictability of her moods fascinating, but he knew she was potentially dangerous—although the danger itself was also exciting to him in some way he didn't understand.

"Do you want your pills?"

She shook her head no. He sat down in a chair, facing her. He wanted to touch her, comfort her, but something about her eyes held him back. Minutes or hours passed, he didn't know which. He was aware only of her breathing and her eyes—eyes that had become kaleidoscopes of silent emotion, shifting through combinations of anger and despair.

He wanted to know what she was feeling, but he knew she had no words for it. She had told him once about her moods, how she didn't understand them, how she felt hollowed out, wanting only to smash things. It was an indiscriminate desire, she said. She would destroy anything she could—herself, her belongings, anything she could get her hands on. All the doctors she'd been to had been unable to control her moods.

Finally, from sheer exhaustion, he fell asleep. In the morning, when he awoke, she was already dressed for work, cooking breakfast for them. The loft had been cleaned up so that there was no trace of last night's misery. Her eyes were bright and cheery and she even laughed and joked with him.

"Come on, sleepyhead. If you don't get moving, you're going to be late for work again."

For the next few days, she was fine. She made no mention of that night, nor did he. He was amazed at how her personality could flip sides like that. But then, just as suddenly, she entered a new phase. She didn't come home from work one Monday night. He waited an hour before he called the gallery. There was no answer. He let another hour go by, nervously pacing the loft. She had always been obsessively

punctual, and he didn't know what to make of her not showing up.

At midnight, he called the police and gave them a description of her. Because he couldn't stand waiting anymore, he went out to look for her. First he roamed through the neighborhood, and then he went down to 59th, on the hunch that she might have gone to the movies. He waited, bleak-eyed, while the shows let out, searching for her in the crowds. Then he took a cab down to the Village and wandered through Washington Square Park and then to some of the bars they'd frequented.

At daybreak, exhausted and thoroughly frustrated, he went back to the apartment, where he found her sitting on the stairs, huddled and shivering in a light raincoat.

He ran up the stairs, crying and near-crazy with relief.

"I lost my key," she said weakly. And then she began to cry.

He helped her inside, made coffee and breakfast while she lay on the couch, silent, unresponsive. "Where were you?" he kept asking. "Where the hell were you for 12 hours?" Her silence turned his grief into anger. All she would say was that she had gone out for a walk because she needed to be alone for a while.

Several days later, the same thing happened. This time he waited in the loft for

her. She returned about midnight, again without explanation or apology. And after that, she became totally unpredictable: Sometimes she would come home, sometimes she wouldn't.

He found himself drinking heavily, continually in a state of nervous anticipation, sleeping poorly or not at all. One night while he was waiting for her, he asked himself why he stayed with her. Since he had moved in with her, his whole life had changed. He hadn't seen any of his friends, his performance at work was way below standard, and all his energies were directed toward Susan. The only answer he could give himself was that whatever pain she caused him, she was the first woman who hadn't bored the shit out of him after a couple of weeks, and therefore the first woman he had wanted to give himself to completely. And because of that, she seemed indispensable to him. And then, of course, he loved her. There was no rational explanation for that.

He started meeting her at 5:00 P.M., when she finished work, and he'd take her home. This seemed to work at first, but after a while she grew agitated with this routine, and when they got home she would pace around the loft like a caged animal. Sometimes she would curse him, and once, during an argument, she lunged



"Looks like kangaroo shit."

at him and began beating him with her fists. When he subdued her and she lay panting beneath him on the sofa, he shuddered at the violence and hatred in her eyes. He felt drawn to it and repelled by it. Excited and hurt at the same time. He tried, as he had in the past, to soothe her with his love. "I love you," he told her. But her eyes gave no response to his words. "Susan, are you listening to me?" He shook her roughly to rouse her from whatever depths she had fallen to. But she continued to stare vacantly at him as if he were transparent.

Later that night he awoke to a loud crash. Susan had toppled the bookcase, the books spewed out in all directions on the floor. She stood with a pair of scissors in her hand at the foot of the bed, watching him with vacant eyes. Behind her, the floor of the loft was littered with what looked like hundreds of pieces of candles that she had butchered.

The look in her eyes was one of pure madness. It seemed to him that she had lost all sense of who he was, of where she was. The thought that her madness might take her from him forever filled him with a childlike panic. He sat bolt upright in the bed.

"Susan. Listen—"

But she turned away from him and went to the far end of the L, where he couldn't see her.

He got up from the bed and pulled on his jeans. Something crashed—some glass object—and he didn't bother with a shirt. He ran through the loft and found her standing in a pool of glass. She had ripped one of the twin wall mirrors down, and she was grinding her feet into the pieces of glass.

"Stop it!" he yelled, and he moved quickly toward her.

She pulled back, her eyes hateful and wild, holding the scissors out in front of her. "Leave me alone," she hissed at him. "I want to die."

He took another step toward her. She backed away, brandishing the scissors. "Leave me alone," she sobbed. "Please."

"No." He moved quickly and grabbed her wrist and twisted. She fought him, but he was able to rip the scissors from her and fling them across the loft. She sank to her knees, sobbing uncontrollably.

"I want to die. Please help me die—"

"Stop it, Susan," he said, shaking her roughly. Then he slapped her across the face, hard. "Stop it!"

He shook her again. If she wouldn't take him with her, then he would have to bring her back. He had sacrificed himself to her, had given her all the tenderness he could. He knew if they were to survive together, his love had to take a different form.

So, instinctively he unzipped his fly and

pulled out his cock. It was limp, and the last thing he felt was horny, but he said in a controlled, firm voice, "Suck me."

She was huddled on the floor, still sobbing. He reached down for her and pulled her up by the shoulders, shoving her face into his crotch. "Suck me off," he said.

She shook her head and went limp in his arms. Holding her up with one hand, he undid his buckle and pulled his leather belt out through the loops. He swung the belt upward and then lowered it across her back. It struck flat and hard.

"Suck me, bitch."

"Please," she cried. "Please."

He swung the belt again. And this time, her back stiffened under the impact. He swung it again, harder, and again, so that now it was hard to tell if she was crying because of her depression or the physical pain. He felt his strength rising through his shoulders and chest, carried through his arm, each whip crack of the belt, drawing her body tighter against him until, her back welted and red, she took his cock in her mouth, her tears dripping on it like hot rain. Stroke by stroke he urged her on, until she began to suck him obediently. Whenever she faltered, when her mouth let go of him and he could feel her withdrawing, he raised the whip again until she came back to him, hot mouth sucking, his cock was no longer limp but swollen and demanding.

Her sobbing began to subside, and she gave herself up completely to him, inhaling his cock as if it were a lifeline, her hands clutching the cheeks of his ass as if they were anchors holding her in place, keeping her from drifting outward toward the treacherous oceans of her madness.

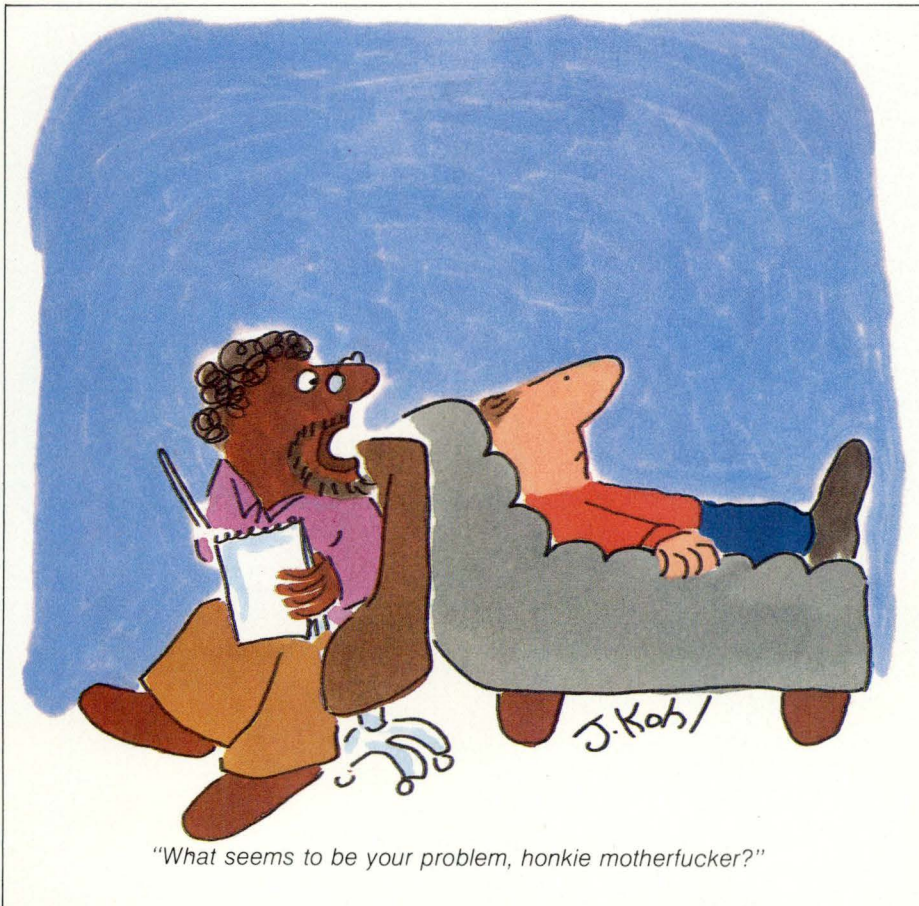
He let the belt drop from his hands and put his fingers around her neck, feeling its smallness, its delicacy, feeling how close he had come to losing her. Looking up, he caught sight of himself and Susan in the remaining wall mirror. The image of his body, tall and erect, above Susan's huddled and servile form made him realize that from now on their roles would be reversed, not because he wanted it that way but because *she* did, because she needed to be sacrificed if she were going to survive.

When he finally shot off into her mouth, she jerked her head back. She was gagging on the semen and trying to spit it out, but he slapped her across the mouth.

"Swallow it," he commanded.

Still on her knees, she looked up at him with the frightened but obedient eyes of a child—and swallowed.

"That's better," he said in a tender voice when she looked up at him for approval. He caressed her face, brushing away her silent tears with his fingers. "Everything's going to be all right now."



"What seems to be your problem, honkie motherfucker?"

HUSTLER

Beaver Hunt

Variety is the spice of life. So why not spice up your life with a submission to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt and try for some unusual background scenery, interesting poses and genuinely far-out fantasies.

Send us a sharply focused color photo—no black and whites, please—of your favorite nude model, along with a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid and original as possible, and be sure to fill out the model release form on page 109. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER Beaver

Hunt, 40 West Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

The coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license will be awarded to everyone who sends us a photo, and if we publish your Honey's picture, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee. If your lady is chosen as Best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, she may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$1000-\$1500 professional modeling fee. So you see, there is a variety of reasons why you should enter her picture in Beaver Hunt.

Photo by Shelley Walker



Melanie Brooks is a 25-year-old waitress who likes to swim and skate. She dreams of being snowbound with her favorite guy in a cabin somewhere north of her Minneapolis home—and letting things develop from there.

Photo by T. V. Vic



Barbara DePolo is a 19-year-old keypunch operator from Bellerose, New York. A nature fan, she likes riding, walking and reading, not to mention following her own natural desires. Barbara would like to make it in an airplane and with an important politician.

Jean D. of Chester, Pennsylvania, likes to sew and dance. The 24-year-old housewife wants to take part in an orgy and get down with another chick.

Photo by Rob Secord



This natural perch is occupied by Helen Secord, 22, a student who's into singing, biking and cooking. The Scottsdale, Arizona, beaver says that even though she's an aggressive lover, she enjoys being bound or forced.

Felicia Smith, 21, comes from Chicago, where she works as an accounting secretary. A bowler and an animal lover, Felicia especially loves all the sex she can get. She writes that her fantasy is to one day make an erotic film and to be on hand to watch the audience get turned on.



Photo by Rich D.



Photo by Dave Smith



Photo by Steven Fank

Twenty-two-year-old Roselle, Illinois, waitress Susan Lund digs reading, dancing and horseback riding. Sometimes Susan dreams of being the center of attention in an orgy with three guys and another chick.



Photo by G. E.

Barbette is a Philadelphia barmaid, who at age 39 enjoys writing poetry. Her poetic fantasy involves spending an indefinite time with Burt Reynolds on a deserted island.



Debra Howard, a Seattle hostess, likes athletic pursuits: dancing, swimming and making men happy. The 23-year-old's favorite dream is balling the quarterback on the 50-yard line during the Super Bowl.

Photo by Jesse H.

A Woodbridge, Virginia, bank teller, Kathy Little, 18, digs modeling, camping and loving. Kathy gets turned on by the kind of man who wears his pants so tight the bulge of his cock is clearly visible.

Photo by Eddie Khan



Vickie Woods, 22, a waitress from San Bernardino, likes fishing, riding and hiking. She fantasizes about an afternoon spent rolling in the snow in a 69 position.



Photo by Gary Pratt



Karen Kastle, a 29-year-old legal secretary and part-time actress from Kansas City, Missouri, dreams of a chance sexual adventure with a perfect stranger—"two ships passing but touching in the night—never exchanging names."

Photo by John McIntyre



Photo by David Wagner

Marcene Wagner, 20, a Springfield, Oregon, waitress and drag-racing buff, revs her motor at the thought of making it with several men at once.

Photo by Bill Holbrook



Jana Bradhurst, 24, works in a Kansas City, Missouri, restaurant. An amateur cook and seamstress, she indulges herself in a Robinson Crusoe fantasy: being marooned on a desert island with nothing to do but fuck.



Lee Bonny Bakley, 20, calls Glen Gardner, New Jersey, home. An actress, Lee Bonny digs animals, tennis, swimming and CB radio, and she says she'd like to get it on with either Frankie Valli or Elvis Presley.

Photo by Richard Rodger

HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 93)

the bathroom and locks the door.

"I told you to... hold it! Schottelkotte's on. Are you taping?"

Without fail, the news on Channel 9 (CBS) was the least favorable. Somehow, anchorman Al Schottelkotte seemed to have developed a habit of leaving out aspects of the trial that were favorable to the defense and damaging to the prosecution. For that matter, none of the local media was exactly doing handstands for us, despite what seemed to be the generally favorable disposition of the reporters covering the trial. But then, what can you expect from a town that is the home of Charles Keating, the man who founded and directs Citizens for Decency through Law—especially when Charles Keating's brother Bill is the president of the city's most influential paper, the *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The *Cincinnati Post*, on the other hand, is owned by Scripps-Howard, whose vice-president of news happens to be Al Schottelkotte. As if that isn't incestuous enough, Al's brother James is managing editor of the *Enquirer*. With

that kind of setup, it's not hard to see that the working press had limited alternatives in covering the trial. As one reporter put it, "We'll still be here after you're gone."

* * *

Before HUSTLER's side of the case could be heard, Judge Morrissey made several crucial rulings unfavorable to the defense. The most devastating was his refusal to admit into evidence magazines comparable to HUSTLER that were sold in Hamilton County during the same period as the indicted issues. Fahringer had argued that since these other men's magazines were sold in Hamilton County in such massive numbers (at least one million during the period of the indictment), they could reasonably be considered a gauge by which to determine the level of permissibility in this community. But the judge sided with the prosecution, upholding the supposition that the jury itself was representative of the community and constituted the only gauge necessary for determining community standards. In theory, at least, the jury was the community.

In attempting to get the other men's magazines introduced as evidence, Fahringer told Morrissey that the defense anticipated "proving that the magazines are sold in virtually every corner of Hamilton County." Fahringer

also said that certain magazines would prove to be "identical to HUSTLER magazine, with stories on bestiality, incest and a host of other so-called deviations that the prosecutor has alluded to."

Morrissey made his decision to ignore the voices of a million Hamilton County residents after taking 86 copies of various men's magazines home with him for perusal. Exactly how closely the judge examined those issues may never be known, but the next day, in making his determination known to the defense and prosecution in private, he commented, in his heavy Ohio accent, "Uh had ah wet dreeamm lass nite." Considering his age, that was indeed a remarkable, if somewhat curious, admission.

In lieu of admitting the magazines into evidence, Morrissey did allow Dr. Charles Winick, a professor of sociology at City University of New York, to testify on a survey he had conducted in Hamilton County in an attempt to ascertain local community standards. According to Winick, the survey disclosed that 76 percent of the population felt that an adult has the right to read publications that show nudity and depict sexual activity.

A number of other respected psychiatrists and sociologists also testified, including Dr. Morris Lipton (professor of psychiatry and chemistry at the University of North Carolina and a member of the President's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography) and Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, (a psychologist at California State University and coauthor of the Kinsey report). In the interest of brevity (since much of the same testimony was given at the *Screw* obscenity trial covered in the October 1976 issue of HUSTLER), I'll encapsulate the testimony: The photographs and text featured in HUSTLER would not incite the average person to commit sexual acts that are shameful, degrading or lustful. Pictures of bestiality and stories of incest are beyond the scope of the average person, and if there was any response at all, it would be repulsion. If a person did respond in a prurient fashion, he would, by definition, *not* be average.

The only area of confusion during this testimony was with the word *lustful*. Nobody was going to argue that HUSTLER's girl features wouldn't turn on the average male. But such a response would have to be considered normal and healthy. Anything that elicits a normal and healthy response could hardly be considered obscene. "Lustful," according to experts, refers to

(continued on page 108)



KINKY KORNER

I've been into eating pussy for about as long as I've been into pussies. I didn't lose my cherry until my second year in college, but it was with a girl who was more than willing to bring me up to her level of sexual experience.

In the early 70s, I met a woman whose sexual imagination knew no bounds, and my taste for pussy grew even stronger. Shelley was a hold-over hippie still into beaded curtains and burning incense. She was part of a group that ran a co-op food store, and I bought my groceries there because the money I was making at the time wasn't much.

Shelley had fairly long, dark brown hair with a slight wave to it and a pretty face. She wore no makeup and had lips that I particularly liked. Her body was on the thin side, with average-sized tits and nice nipples that showed through the India gauze top she was wearing. Her hip-hugger jeans were clamped firmly to her pert, round ass. And the occasional flashes of midriff, showing attractive white skin, were enough to tempt me to ask Shelley for a date.

Because I thought of her as one of those easy hippie types, I asked her out in the same way I'd ask about the price of a loaf of bread. Apparently she had this casual trip down better than I did because she answered by inviting me to her place that evening for dinner. I couldn't pass it up.

On the way there that evening, I started having some second thoughts. What if she served health food? I sure wasn't into it, but I wasn't after a meal, anyway.

However, she served a regular meat-and-potatoes meal, and for dessert we had strawberry pie with whipped cream. As she sat there in her long, loose dress, nibbling at her pie, I was thinking about spraying some of my own cream over a certain strawberry-red part of her body.

After dinner, we went over to the couch to drink some wine. She sat next to me and put her arm around me and ran one fingertip along my neck just below my ear. I put my glass of wine on the back of

Do you have an unusual story to tell about a sexual encounter? If so, write it down and send it to *Kinky Korner*, the section of the magazine written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed or printed pages in length and accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped return envelope.



BOX LUNCH

by Alex Tuberski

the couch so I could return her attentions.

I ran my index finger from just under her chin, down between her breasts and on across her stomach to her thighs. I knew she was braless, but as my finger crossed that portion of her between stomach and thigh, I felt no trace of panties either.

I moved slightly so that I was nearly facing her and began running both hands freely over the front of her body. After several of these strokes, I ran my hands down to the hem of her dress and pulled it up. She leaned back on the couch and raised her ass to let her dress slide up.

Although this chick was into the natural look, I could see that she trimmed her bush.

She caught me looking at her neatly trimmed bush and explained that she liked to be eaten and didn't want any hair getting in the way. The thought of satisfying her desire appealed to me, so I continued to pull up her dress.

Then it happened. The wine I'd forgotten about was spilled when she pulled her arms out of the dress, splashing the red liquid over her body. I apologized and began licking the wine off her body—especially her tits. After I'd capture a runaway drop with my tongue, I would trace its path back to a nipple.

When I'd cleaned up the mess, she got up and got the can of whipped cream. She pulled off my boots and socks, undid my jeans and had me stand up as she pulled off my pants and underwear. I'd had a throbbing hard-on for what seemed like hours, and now my rigid cock waited for her attention.

She then sprayed whipped cream all over it and then began licking it off, bit by bit. I'd heard of this before, but it was a first for me. So by the time she'd worked down to the base of my root to lap up the last wisps of cream, I was sending jets of sperm into her mouth.

When she'd licked me dry, cum, cream and all, she sat back on the couch, with her ass near the edge and her legs raised and spread. Without a word, I immediately got on my knees to start where I left

off before the wine had spilled. But before I could bury my face in her waiting red gash, she spritzed herself with whipped cream and squirted it up her hole.

Why not? She'd done it to me, and few things are as tasty as whipped cream and pussy. So I began licking slowly at the white foam until I had worked down to her pussy lips and then carefully licked every drop of whipped cream from her clit.

Then I started to press my tongue up into her slit to pull out the cream that was stored there. The more I sucked, the more she squirmed, until she came with a wave

of shudders that sent the last drops of cream running out of her cunt.

Eating hair pie with whipped cream on top really charged me up, and I was ready for seconds. So I pushed her back on the couch and I got between her legs to ram it to her. The whipped cream had made her cunt silky smooth, and I slid inside that tight orifice with no trouble. The excitement of this different style of lovemaking soon brought us to a second climax.

Before I left that evening, I invited myself back for "dinner" the next night. Shelley promised a special surprise.

I arrived for dinner on time, and nothing was said about the cunt course that was coming up. However, Shelley kept smiling and I knew it had something to do with my upcoming treat.

When the meal was finished, she went to her bedroom for a bit. When she came back, she was wearing a long robe that was open in the front, and she walked over to the couch and stood directly in front of me. I immediately placed my hands on her boobs and started kissing her stomach.

Shelley put her hands behind my head and pressed my head against her groin. I could detect a slight taste, something like butter, as I ran my tongue over her lower belly and across the top of her bush. Then she pushed me against the back of the couch and stepped onto it, straddling my face with her cunt. I put my arms around

her legs and placed my fingertips at the top of her cunt so that I could spread the lips back from her clit.

I could feel her lower stomach muscles straining against my hands, and as I worked lower into her snatch I got the first taste of my dessert—liver! A strip of broiled liver, covered with butter, was just beginning to inch out of her pussy, and I began chewing at it and burrowing my nose into her slit.

Some people might have been turned off by this, but I am one of those rare freaks who likes liver, and Shelley had seen me buy it at the co-op food store. She had cooked it earlier in the day and kept it warm in the oven. And since she burned incense nearly all the time, I hadn't been able to pick up the scent earlier.

As I took each bite of meat, I would press my lips against her clit while I chewed, working my mouth between her love button and the dangling strip of meat.

When I had eaten the last bite of liver from Shelley's box, I licked the entire area with quick flicks of my tongue, and it drove Shelley wild. I started at the bottom of her cunt and worked up to her clit. She moaned, stiffened and climaxed.

She slumped down on my lap, and I quickly pushed her on her back and pressed my root deep into her; and then I began moving it in a circular motion. I was trying to swab up all the juice from

the liver and butter that was left inside.

Then I pulled out and moved up to straddle her chest so that she could begin sucking me off. With the juices fresh on my cock, I could return the favor and let her make a meal out of my tube steak.

She started nibbling at the head of my cock, running the tip of her tongue up into the little hole and then running her tongue around the entire head. Then she worked her way down the shaft.

Then she got down to the serious business of giving head, taking all of my rod into her face, applying suction with her tongue each time she pulled her lips up toward the tip. She increased her sucking speed, and in just a few minutes I was giving her a treat in the form of white jizz.

Then without saying a word, Shelley led me into the bathroom. She had placed several opened jars of jellies and preserves on a cabinet beside the tub, and I knew right away what was in store for me. We both hopped into the tub and began to smear ourselves with it.

Eventually we worked into a 69 position, still licking away at the gooey mess. I scooped up a handful of grape jelly and began forcing it into Shelley's cunt, pushing my fingers into her to make room for more. Then I began licking the grape jelly from her snatch, occasionally reaching my tongue into her hole for a little more.

Meanwhile, she had been smearing jelly all over my balls and cock and licking it off. Occasionally her tongue would dip down to swipe some jelly from my asshole. By then my fingers and tongue were going wild on Shelley's pussy, spreading her lips, smearing jelly on her and ramming into her slick cunt.

Suddenly she turned and grabbed my cock to stuff it into her. We were both so slippery that I had a hard time getting into her hole. Once I slammed my cock home, though, it didn't take long to mix my cum with the jelly I had fed into Shelley's sweet cunt.

Afterward, while we washed up, Shelley told me she'd always liked the idea of a man eating food from her cunt, but that most guys were turned off by it. She said she'd tried everything from mashed potatoes to sliced fruit.

I didn't think that I'd want to eat food from a girl's cunt on a regular basis, but it did make an interesting change of pace. I tried it out on a couple of other girls that I was pretty tight with, and as long as I stuck to something simple like whipped cream or pudding, they went along with it.

So if you HUSTLER readers are looking for something a little different in your sex life, you might want to consider eating something from your old lady's cunt. It's good, clean fun, and it's the best excuse I know for snacking between meals. 🍴



"I'm so goddamned drunk I don't even know who I'm fucking!"

Red-Neck Chic

(continued from page 52)

mauling each other in the preliminaries, the serious drivers prepared to run for the evening's \$400 first prize money. As they lined up their machines, one car, glittering and gleaming like a giant gem, stood out from the others in the pack: a 302 Ford Mustang with a satin-smooth paint job, Day-Glo trimming and a big number 60 pasted on the side in sequined reflector tape that sparkled like diamonds. It made the cars next to it appear ready for the junk heap. As the race began, the Dandy settled in to watch, expecting number 60 to win going away.

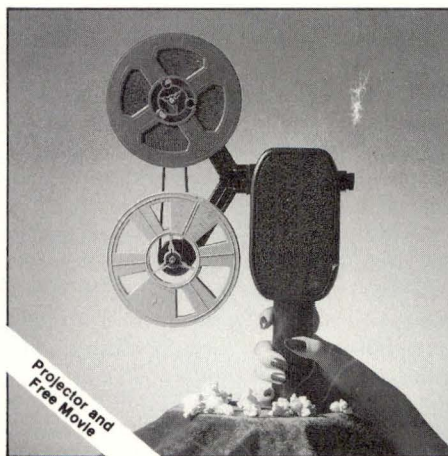
It didn't. Unable to find the right route into the turns, its wheels spinning out in the dirt, number 60 kept falling farther behind until, by the time the checkered flag dropped, it had been lapped by the leaders. The Dandy was astounded. He sought out the driver, thinking that the man would be devastated. The man climbing out of the car turned out to be a boy. Eighteen years old, driving in his third race, young Garfield Dickson seemed unconcerned about his performance. His daddy, who runs an auto-salvage business in Chattanooga and had underwritten the cost of number 60, didn't seem particularly discouraged either. Driving for them was sport; working on number 60 was an end in itself—a release from what was otherwise an existence of slow routine and more than a little self-denial. Being out there on the track was a thrill they loved for its own sake.

The Dickson boys and the other drivers the Dandy talked to didn't care how they made out in a race just as long as they had a good time. It was the same theme the Dandy had been hearing throughout his travels among the red-necks.

That basic love of life, that lust for momentary adventure and excitement, that thrill of letting go was at the heart of red-neck life. Americans, feeling their vital juices drying up in big-city offices and suburban split-level ranch houses, were wanting to go red-neck. There was something manly about being a red-neck, something primal and forceful. You just took the good times as they came.

Atlanta, the city that used to be the privileged domain of the gentry, is being taken over by the sons and daughters of displaced farmers eager to shed rural ways. With its spectacular new buildings with mile-high lobbies and indoor tropical gardens, the new Atlanta is becoming something that the South has never seen before. It is a collection of late-night dis-

(continued on page 115)



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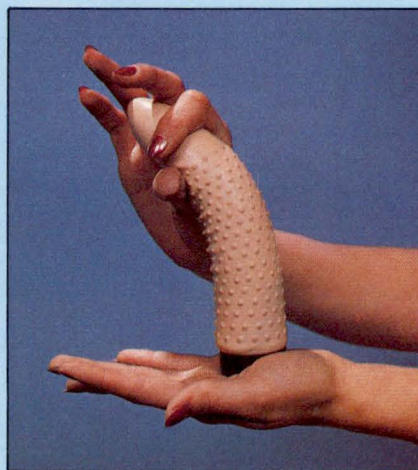
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HUSTLER ON TRIAL

(continued from page 104)

excessive arousal—that which is *abnormal*, as with perhaps a rapist. But here again, a rapist cannot be considered *average*.

Relative to the term “average,” Leis did raise one interesting point. During most of the trial, Leis had attempted to have defense witnesses read segments of the indicted issues to the jury. The lawyers for the defense objected on the grounds that an issue must be judged *as a whole* and that excerpts, since they would be taken out of context, were irrelevant. For a while, Morrissey had denied Leis’s request, but finally, while Dr. Lipton was on the stand, the judge caved in to the prosecutor’s unslackened demand. Leis, naturally, chose the most incriminating material he could find: the July 1975 *Kinky Korner*, dealing with S&M. To his credit, the dignified Dr. Lipton’s recitation was admirable. Though the words he read were crude, he almost made them ring like a Shakespearean sonnet. Almost.

“Would the text you just read appeal to the average person’s prurient interest?” Leis asks Lipton. Leis’s eyes

glow with indignation.

Lipton: “If by ‘appeal,’ you mean, ‘tempt you,’ the answer is clearly no...it might appeal to a healthy curiosity.”

Leis: “What exactly would appeal to the average person’s prurient interest in sex?”

Lipton: “I think, perhaps, a well-written war story in which the author described how his buddies were killed and tortured. Then when the victory came and women were available, the rationale of retribution would appeal to the rape impulse.” The key words here are *well written*. If something is well written, according to Dr. Lipton, it may be more likely to appeal to the “average person’s prurient interest.” But in this case we are reminded that in order for a work to be obscene, it must *also* be without redeeming literary value. So if the work is well written, it is, ipso facto, not obscene. Furthermore, even in this case, it is unlikely that a desire to rape would lead to anything more than fantasy.

Well then, does HUSTLER have serious literary value? It does, according to Dr. Thomas E. LeClair, associate professor of English at the University of Cincinnati and a book critic for both the *New York Times* and the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, not to mention a number of reputable Catholic journals. Local witnesses are always supposed to have

greater credibility with the jurors, who are presumed to be distrustful of hotshots from the big city. Unfortunately, in cities the size of Cincinnati, experts of any caliber are rare. LeClair was a lucky find.

So was Dr. Roy Whitman, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Cincinnati who has worked with people suffering from sexual dysfunction. Whitman did a credible job of defending HUSTLER. But during cross-examination, Cartolano pulled a fast one and asked Whitman if the material in HUSTLER had any literary merit.

Perplexed, Whitman stares at Cartolano. “That’s not my field of expertise.”

Cartolano: “Would you answer the question anyway? Do you think this material has literary value?”

Clearly, Whitman cannot believe this is happening, since his opinion on this matter can have little value. Nonetheless, he answers, “No.”

Later, when LeClair takes the stand, he counters Whitman: “HUSTLER is primarily an example of journalism, although it has some creative and imaginative work in it as well. It’s like *Playboy*, and it’s also very much like most newspapers. You have to understand that the presence of four-letter words does not disclose it from having value. In America, for the last 50 years, four-letter words have been admissible in serious literature.”

LeClair then goes on to point out that *Statement, Feedback, Advise & Consent, X-Rated Reviews, Sex Bits* and the rest are all comparable to features in newspapers.

All well and good. But then Cartolano asks, “Can a layman tell if something has serious value?”


LeClair pauses, unsure for a moment, then he answers, “Yes.”

All Cartolano asks in response is, “Do you know Dr. Roy Whitman?”

The damage is done.

Cartolano had succeeded in getting our own defense witness to support damaging testimony from yet another defense witness.

But as things would turn out, this was just to be the beginning of a series of surprising and effective moves on the part of the prosecution. As the trial progressed, even Fahringer found himself caught off-guard by the tactics of Cartolano and Leis, who had, it turned out, studied Fahringer’s tactics in Wichita and were planning to use their information against him. As I was to discover, the prosecution was saving its best shots for last.

To be continued next month. 



“Wonder what she sees in that old coot? Look at the dumb shoes he’s wearing.”

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 14)

my mind was delirious with excitement. He had a rather large cock, but I was able to blow him easily, and when he came in my mouth, I had another long, beautiful orgasm. I have since gone out many times on my little excursions. I always feel guilty afterward, and it takes about a week before I get the urge so bad that I have to go hunting again. It would break my husband's heart to find out about me. What would he say if he knew that the mouth he kissed had been around a thick cock and held a load of cum in it? I tell myself I won't go out again, but the drive within me is very strong. My husband does not read men's magazines because he thinks they're trash, but I know you can give me an answer. Am I normal for craving cock when the guy's climax triggers one for me?

T. D.
Los Angeles, California

A desire for fellatio is normal—whatever "normal" is—but unless you can persuade your husband to indulge, it seems you're stuck with bar pickups. You must not be feeling too guilty if you keep going out. Giving head to strangers behind your husband's back is probably what excites you so much, and even if you could convince him that fellatio is not "degrading" (which it is not) you might not get off. With such divergent sexual attitudes, it's amazing you've remained married to him so long. You both might profit from talking to a counselor.

I started going with a girl who soon let it be known that being eaten was her big thing. I was happy to oblige, and she has shuddering orgasms. Her juices taste very sweet, like a drop of honey or a lump of sugar. Is this unusual?

T. C.
Oil City, Pennsylvania

Every woman tastes slightly different because of individual chemical differences. Such distinctive sweetness, though, is uncommon and it may be that she used a flavored douche. If you're a sweet freak, you're in luck.

This question is really bugging me because I have never read about it in any sex manual. Is it possible to get VD of the stomach by swallowing the love juice of your partner (male or female)?

G. P.
West Hazelton, Pennsylvania

It is possible to contract VD orally. However, the symptoms will appear in the mouth or on the sex organs, not your stomach. You can contract the disease from cunnilingus or fellatio with a person who has an infection, or simply by kissing someone with a venereal disease sore in the mouth.

Does a woman have to have an orgasm in order to become pregnant? I have only occasional orgasms and was wondering if this is why I haven't gotten pregnant?

L. M.
Tampa, Florida

Sperm fertilizes the ovum, and conception is the result. Orgasm has nothing to do with it.

Please help! My breasts have gone completely limp. I've tried exercising, breast-pumping machines and even gaining weight. I feel terribly embarrassed when I expose my breasts and even refuse to take the top position during intercourse because they hang like "fingers." How can I firm my breasts?

S. C.
Atlantic City, New Jersey

All breasts hang, so there is certainly no reason for embarrassment. Aside from implants, there is nothing you can do to firm your breasts further. For more information on implants, see Advise & Consent, November 1976.

I have been married for three years and have a normal sex life, but I can't feel it when my husband ejaculates. He says I have a dead pussy. How can I bring my pussy to life?

L. L.
Cleveland, Ohio

Some women can feel a difference in warmth or wetness when a man ejaculates, but the majority feel only the pulsation of the penis. Your pussy is not "dead."

My first marriage was a big mistake, and I never enjoyed sex. When I met my second husband, I discovered sex could be enjoyable. Now I love intercourse and have many orgasms. However, my husband tells me I am not sensual. I've tried to be seductive and sensual, but evidently I'm failing. How can I change so I will please my husband? Does it have anything to do with my first marriage?

A. A.
Boston, Massachusetts

Sensuality involves a good deal more than simply manipulating genitals. Your attitude toward your lover's body and the sensitivity of your touch are very important. The way you make love is what counts. If your husband's definition of sensuality is different from yours, you may have a new set of problems to work out. But if you are enjoying sex and getting off, you've probably overcome any emotional problems you encountered in your first marriage.

My girlfriend and I are very much in love and plan to get married in a few years. We haven't had intercourse because she is afraid of becoming pregnant and won't take birth-control pills because of studies that have shown

they're dangerous to her health. We enjoy other sexual activity, including oral sex, but both of us really want to fuck. She says she can wait the four years until we marry, but I can't. What do you suggest?

C. T.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Birth-control pills are not the only form of contraception. Your girlfriend could use an IUD or diaphragm or you could wear a condom. Discuss methods and any potential problems with your doctor, but don't automatically rule out the pill. Many women have taken it for years without any ill effects. Other methods, such as tying the fallo-

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 99). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER, Beaver Hunters Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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Model's Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____

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Send prize to:

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☐ Other _____

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Model's Legal Signature _____

MINOR: The person photographed is a minor. My signature grants my permission for the minor to be photographed and the photographs may be used as stated above.

Parent or Legal Guardian _____

List on a separate sheet of paper age, occupation, hobbies and sexual fantasies.



"This is how marital squabbles start!"

pian tubes, are irreversible and you'll probably want to stay away from them. Something besides the possibility of pregnancy may be holding her back. Fear of premarital loss of virginity could be causing her reluctance.

I am a man who cannot ejaculate during intercourse no matter how hard I try. My penis gets hard all right, but I just can't come. However, when I masturbate, I have no problem. I beat off frequently to pictures of men because seeing their meat really turns me on. What can I do?

T. B.
Orlando, Florida

You don't say if you're having intercourse with men or women. If you're fucking women when men's pictures turn you on, it should tell you something. Why don't you bring your magazines out of the closet—the light's better outside.

I enjoy having my breasts stimulated during sex, and when I mention the fact to my lovers they are always surprised. Is it unusual for a man to want his breasts rubbed?

S. A.
Steubenville, Ohio

Some men become aroused when their breasts are stimulated. Since so much emphasis is placed on female breast stimulation in our society, your friends probably just don't realize that male breasts have nerves and deserve some attention, too.

When I get an erection, my penis is hard as a rock, but it still points to the ground, like the half-erect rating in your movie reviews. When I was 14 and started to masturbate, I would hold my dick down and aim it into the toilet. Could this be the reason? Is there anything I can do to make it the way it should be?

A. S.
Mamaroneck, New York

Masturbation methods do not affect the angle of your cock. If you can get a hard-on, your cock is the "way it should be." Your age also helps determine the angle: The older you get, the lower it hangs.

I enjoy an active and healthy sex life and am currently seeing a couple of men. One of my lovers is very well endowed and the other is average. Will fucking the guy with the large cock stretch me out so I won't be able to enjoy my other boyfriend? Everything is OK now, but I'm concerned about the future.

R. M.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

If that's your only worry, your future's looking good. Fucking a well-hung man does not affect the tone and elasticity of vaginal muscles—which determine your "tightness"—and they'll snap back after intercourse. Childbirth and age are the main reasons for loss of vaginal muscle tone. Tone can be maintained or regained by exercising a few minutes each day: squeeze your vaginal muscles, as if holding in urine, then release and repeat.

My husband and I had a great sex life until about ten years ago. He started to occasionally have a burning sensation when he ejaculated, and now it occurs almost every time we have sex. I pleaded with him to go to a doctor. He went once to a urologist but never followed through with the treatment. I finally went to a urologist and had some bladder surgery, but that did not cure the problem. We both took medication for two ten-day periods, but that didn't help either. He acts like it's my fault and says he no longer cares for sex even though he's only 45. What could cause this problem?

A. R.
Hartford, Connecticut

It would seem that the medication you both took would have cleared up any infection you might have passed on to your husband. He needs to go to a doctor immediately and follow his treatment. Your husband's reluctance to seek medical help may stem from a fear of the doctor's diagnosis. That fear is nothing compared to the possible seriousness of a condition that negates your sex life at 45. On the other hand, he may simply be using the pain (real or imagined) to avoid sex with you. In which case, a head doctor or marriage counselor is needed.

While I was growing up, I experienced nocturnal emission and still do occasionally if I go without sex for a while. My girlfriend told me that she has experienced orgasm in the middle of the night, and I was really surprised. Do most ladies have nighttime orgasms like men?

R. B.
Brooklyn, New York

You bet! There is an increase in nocturnal orgasms, which are usually accompanied by erotic dreams, when there are no other sexual outlets. In fact, ancient Babylonians thought that women's nighttime orgasms were caused by visitations of little men, or beings.

Recently I have read a lot about women who have orgasms only when they masturbate, not during intercourse. I'm just the opposite. I don't bother masturbating because I always get off when I have sex. Is something wrong?

M. R.
McDonald, Pennsylvania

Not in the least.

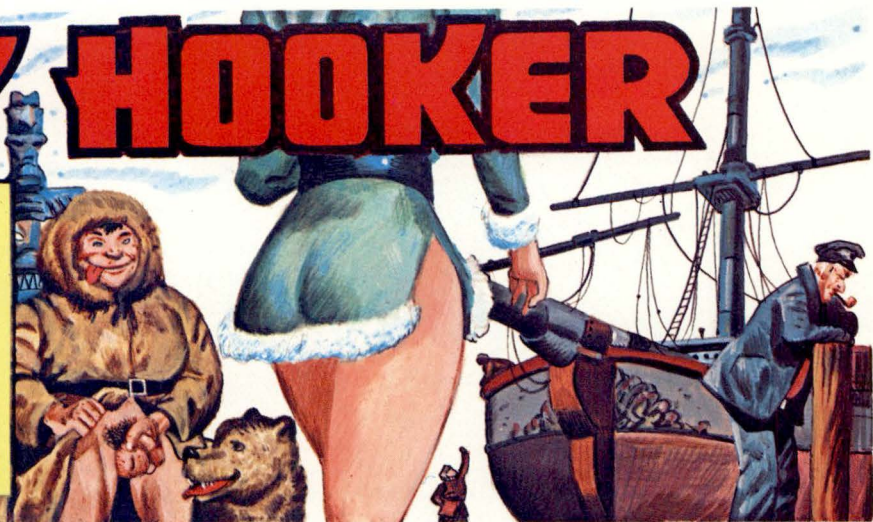
After the last time my wife and I had sex, I discovered a small hole in my condom. What are the chances of her getting pregnant?

M. S.
Lima, Ohio

Since only a slight amount of semen can escape through a small hole in a condom, her chances of getting pregnant are very slight, probably less than two percent. If the rubber broke, or if you had sex in the middle of her menstrual cycle, the chances are a little greater.

HONEY HOOKER

LAST EPISODE, THE PRESIDENT OF PHLEGM OIL WAS GIVEN A PETROLEUM ENEMA BY SEVERAL DISGRUNTLED ALASKA PIPELINE WORKERS! SINCE THEN, HONEY HAS BEEN FIRED FROM HER JOB AS OIL COMPANY CONCUBINE FOR HER ALLEGED PART IN THE INCIDENT-- AN UNFORTUNATE TURN OF EVENTS, SINCE, FOR ONCE, OUR HEROINE WAS INNOCENT!



BUSTED FLAT IN ANCHORAGE, HONEY SETS OUT TO FIND WORK AMONG THE SEX-STARVED SAILORS OF THAT BUSY SEAPORT!

LET'S SEE! I'M GONNA HAVE TO SWALLOW AT LEAST A DOZEN GOBS TO MAKE PLANE FARE BACK TO SAN FRANCISCO! BETTER GET CRACKIN', HONEY!

HEY, SWABBIE, WANNA SHAKE UP MY MOUTH?



MEANWHILE, NEARBY, THE CAPTAIN OF A JAPANESE WHALING VESSEL IS SENDING HIS FIRST MATE ASHORE FOR SOME LAST-MINUTE PROVISIONS...

...A CASE OF COCA-CORA, LITZ CLACKERS, CHEW GUM-- LIGREY'S OR CHICKRETS-- AND A BROW-UP DOLL WITH A BRONDE WIG!

LUV DOLL

YOU GOT IT?

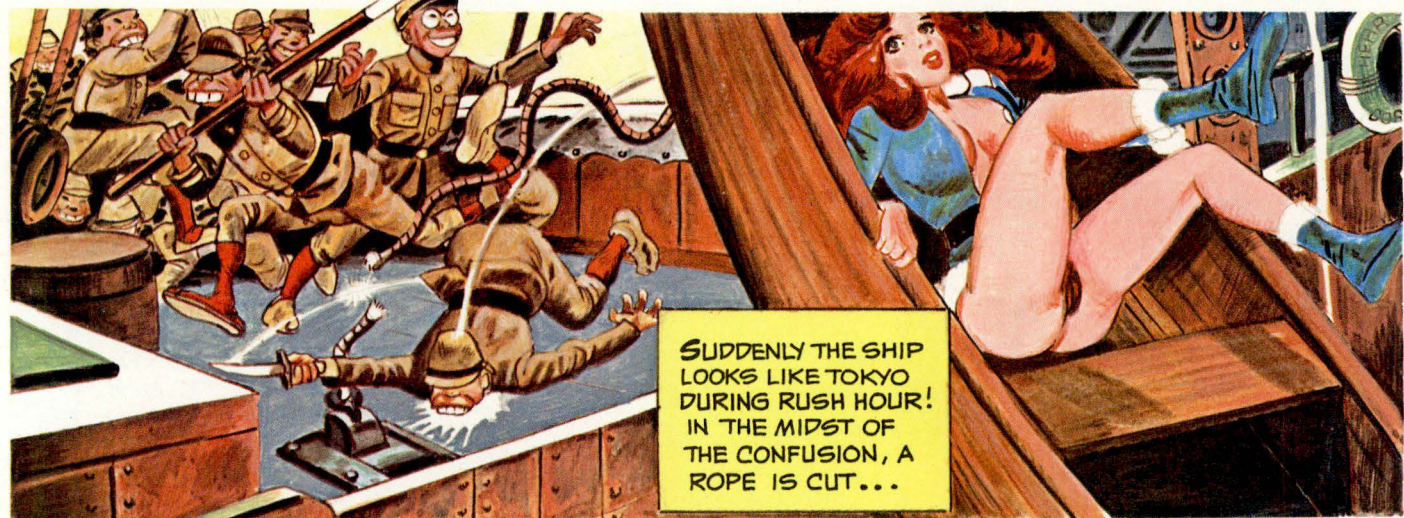
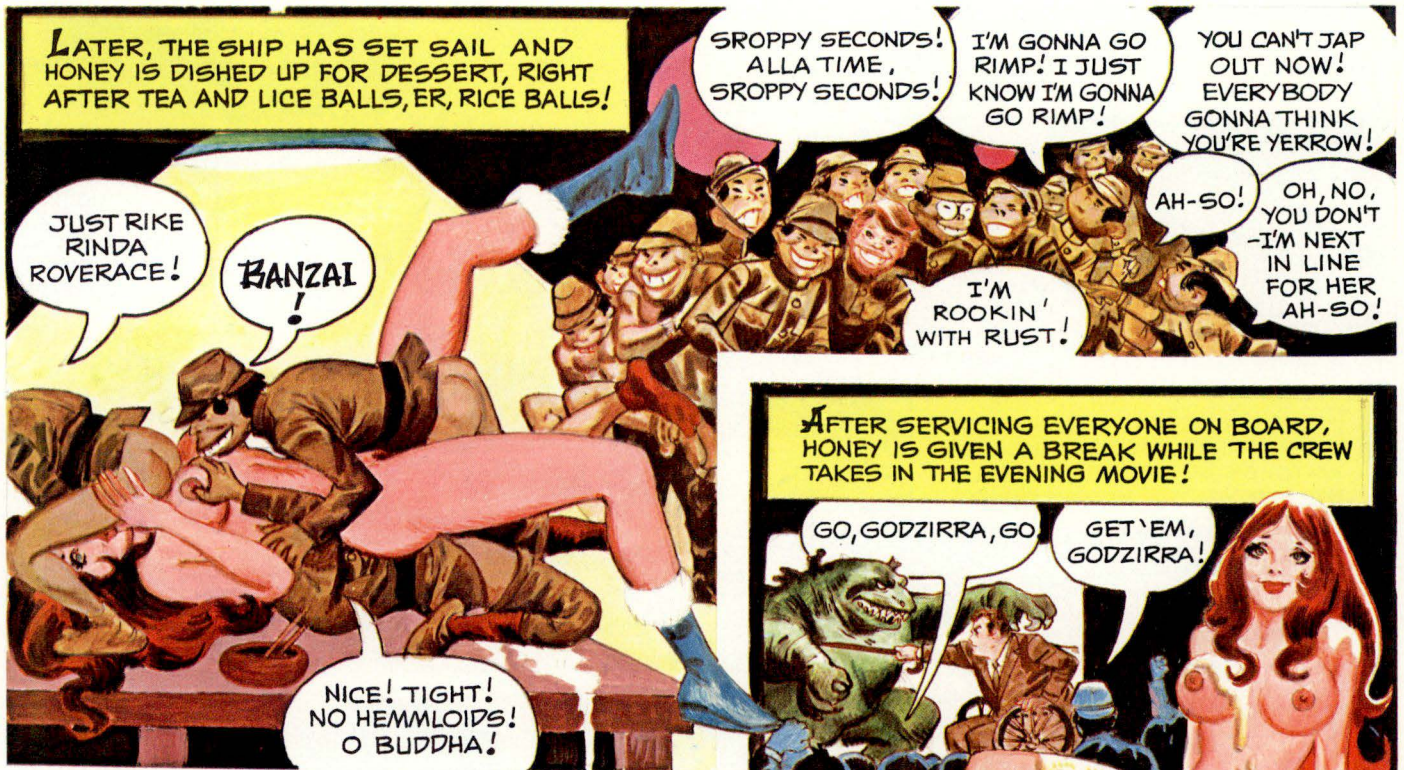


AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN-SAN!

SCRIPT: MIKE TOOHEY
ART: FRED FERNANDEZ







...AND HONEY'S LIFEBOAT IS SENT PLUNGING INTO THE WATER!



FROM THE RELATIVE SAFETY OF THE DRIFTING LIFEBOAT, HONEY WATCHES AS THE HUGE WHALE DESTROYS THE HERRO DORRY...



...AND GOBBLES UP THE CREW LIKE SO MANY TINY FISH HEADS!



SOON, NO ONE IS LEFT IN SIGHT, EXCEPT OUR HONEY!



CHRIST, I HOPE THAT BIG SON OF A BITCH DOESN'T GET HUNGRY AGAIN IN AN HOUR AND COME AFTER ME!

HOURS PASS, BUT STILL NO HELP ARRIVES!

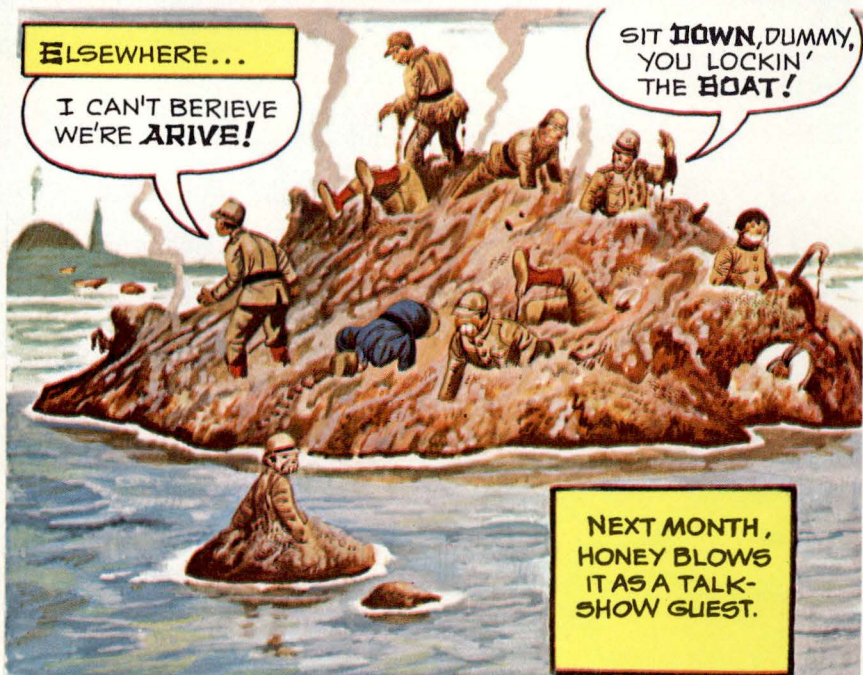
I WONDER IF ANYONE ELSE SURVIVED?



ELSEWHERE...

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'RE ALIVE!

SIT DOWN, DUMMY, YOU LOCKIN' THE BOAT!



NEXT MONTH, HONEY BLOWS IT AS A TALK-SHOW GUEST.

Red-Neck Chic

(continued from page 107)

cotheques, men in Pierre Cardin suits, well-coifed women, black beauties, football weekends and long sieges of drinking bourbon and Coke. Here, chic has tempered the tradition of Southern racism. Racism still exists, to be sure. Witness the magnolia-lined driveways of the exclusive northwest suburbs as compared to the government-built ghettos downtown. However, Atlanta has had a black mayor and has black congressmen in the state legislature. The "sophistication" of city living has resulted in a certain harmony, or at least as much tolerance as the North was supposed to have had before busing.

To those who've come from the country, Atlanta represents the chance to lead a life of style and personal freedom that they had never imagined was possible.

Gary is a former country boy in his mid-20s who lives in a swimming pool/tennis court/country club apartment complex south of Atlanta. For \$200 a month, he shares a modern two-bedroom apartment with a foxy blonde who works at the Avis counter in the nearby Atlanta airport. They're just friends.

One of six children, Gary grew up in rural Georgia not far from the Tennessee border. "My daddy worked 25 years in a textile plant, saved his money, bought

himself a farm and now he's just happy as can be, growing his food, driving his tractor. Every time the church door swings open, he's there. But he's afraid to live. During the recession, he wouldn't buy anything, scared he'd lose it. Me, now, I'm not frightened of shit. Life's a gamble."


The rest of the family stuck close to home, but Gary took off for Atlanta after getting married at 18 and then divorced a few years later. He read about the sexual revolution and wanted to join in. Now, with a night job that pays enough to keep him riding high, he knows he'll never go back to where he came from.

"I can go a whole year and never do the same thing or see the same person twice unless I want to. There's clubs where all you have to do is be man enough to walk up to a woman, send out the right vibes and you can get it on the same night. I grew up with a Christian attitude about treating women with respect, but that's not even what they want anymore. It's crazy, but the world is crazy now. My shit is going in four directions at once. I don't know what I believe in. My parents think I'm Satan in disguise and say they don't recognize me but—gawd-damn! I'm having me one hell of a time!"

One hell of a time! There it is: the essence of Red-Neck Chic. With generations of pent-up energy awaiting release and no background of effete finger-bowl dandyism to tone down the eventual explosion, going chic means coming on the

scene like a sonic boom; disregarding history; taking that magnolia-drenched, purple-crepe-velvet-draped "time immortal" and wildly tearing it up into a thousand ragged pieces.

For the first time in memory, Southern boys, who traditionally have been hitched to the back end of a mule, are getting the chance to slash the harness and to cut themselves off from the past. The rest of America, searching for a new, dynamic culture to revive them, is turning to the expansive release of red-neck energy.

They are picking up the ways, language and attitudes of the red-neck—including racism. Nigger-hating has managed to sneak in with the CB radio craze and the Southern drawl. That manly force and fierce individualism associated with Red-Neck Chic has unfortunately revived a certain amount of discrimination against minorities that had—at least superficially—all but disappeared in many parts of the country during the 60s. It is hoped the synthesis that is taking place between the red-necks and the dandies will bring a healthier, saner version of race relations—somewhere between bleeding-heart liberalism and bloody-handed discrimination. The sound and the fury are there in the heart of the South. The face of America is cracking into a wide, toothy grin. Red-neck is chic and is finally coming into its own as a cultural movement in this country. The red-neck is dead. Long live the red-neck. 



5316

5206

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You've got to admit that when it comes to licking the sweetest things in life, they're usually pink.

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Date _____

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MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order them. Companies that would like to have their products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review). We'll also tell customers how to best deal with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

Edited by Steve Hanley

CATCH A BALLING STAR

Mail-order fuck films may be the only cinematic turn-on that's available to boondock dwellers, but they can also provide uncensored entertainment for city slickers who live where community standards demand pants on Donald Duck. In the privacy of their own homes, country boys and city slickers can see the likes of Constance Money (who starred in *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*, winner of three awards in HUSTLER's April 1977 "First Annual Erotic Movie Awards") fucking and sucking one of the Furry Freak Brothers in *Yum Yum #1*. This is one of the offerings of VIP International, P. O. Box 3496, Baltimore, Maryland 21226 (\$20).

At the same time, Krow Enterprises (P. O. Box 11023, Chicago, Illinois 60611) is offering "The Stars of Sex," a seven-film series that's priced at \$98—\$18 if the films are purchased separately—which presents not only established stars but also newcomers to feature-length porno films. For example, Jean (Defiance) Jennings does a 69 scene with oldtimer Tina Russel in *Cunt to Cunt*. Then Jean and Tina double-team with Marc Stevens (who has reamed more cunts than Roto-Rooter has toilets) in *Star Studded Trio*. Jean also devours Marc's ten-and-a-half-inch cock in *Shave and a Blow Job* and whizzes through *Golden Shower* with Jamie Gillis, winner of HUSTLER's Best Actor award for his performance in *Misty Beethoven*.

Ex-ballet dancer Terri Hall gets her rectum well reamed by a knife-wielding intruder in *Rape* and again in *Fucking Sandwich*, in which she stars with one unnamed actor plus the ubiquitous Marc Stevens. And Suzanne (Rollerbabies) McBain trades hot licks with double-gaited brunette newcomer Janet Beaver before pulling a threesome with a delicatessen delivery boy in *Candy Pants*.

Krow Enterprises' "Stars of Sex" series and VIP International's *Yum Yum #1* may be the only opportunity for many city and country cousins to see just why these porno superstars have garnered such praise and prizes for their sexual performances. Nevertheless, despite their big-name casts, these porno films constitute below-average erotica.

The performers seem to be slumming in these movies—exploiting their star status for quick bucks—and their lack of enthusiasm shows. Marc Stevens looks disinterested and can't even get a full hard-on, and Jean Jennings humps like a tired San Diego whore. All of the actresses' faces and asses are dotted with zits, and they're so pallid-looking it looks as if they've spent time in the slammer. In fact, you'd probably need to be fortified with a fifth of Jack Daniel's and a couple of Sopors before giving these chicks serious consideration.



"IT" GIRL

The blast furnace intensity of "It" Girl #1 and #11 really heats up the viewers' Skants. If the "It" Girl moniker is the filmmaker's gimmick to spark interest in this unknown actress, it's completely unnecessary. With the amount of concentrated jerk-off energy she inspires, she could probably light New York City for a year.

Not only is the "It" Girl lovely to look at—tall, voluptuous, tanned, artfully made up and coiffed—but more important, she apparently just *loves* to fuck. She can't seem to get enough of her man's cock—stroking it, sucking it, rubbing it over her tits. And when the lucky dude has shot his wad, she licks the cream off her chops like a big jungle cat with a bellyful of zebra.

The "It" Girl films are also technically superior to the "Stars" series, featuring lush, vivid colors and unusually sharp focus. They were sent to us by Herrn Stephan (Postfach 400262, D-7000, Stuttgart, 40, West Germany), a European firm that distributes within the U. S. and guarantees delivery within this country. Herrn Stephan asks that interested readers send airmail inquiries for the price of the films. Krow Enterprises also claims to have the "It" Girl movies, and all three of the sellers mentioned here are reputed to be honest and reliable mail-order dealers.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I sent a check for \$7.45 to *Interlude* (P. O. Box 62, Mid City Station, Dayton, Ohio 45402) for one of the erotic tape cassettes the company advertised in HUSTLER. My check was cashed four days later, but it's been six weeks now and I haven't received my tape. I have not seen *Interlude* listed in your column as

being questionable, but I want you to know there is at least one guy who isn't happy with them.

H. S.
Hartford, Connecticut

Interlude has not been shitlisted here because we've only received a couple of complaints about them, which they settled promptly. They say your order has been shipped and asked that you allow at least eight weeks for delivery before you start hollering.

Almost two years ago, I ordered three films for \$10 from *Collector's Club* (Box 85417, Hollywood, California 90072), but I have never received them. I wrote to the Better Business Bureau in Hollywood as well as to *Collector's Club* about this matter, but as of now I haven't received any answer from anyone. I have been fucked—but in the wrong way.

H. P.
Baltimore, Maryland

Collector's Club advises us that they reshipped your order by certified mail, at their own expense. Every mail-order outfit fucks up once in a while, but we've only gotten two complaints on Collector's Club—despite the suspiciously low price for their films.

After receiving an advertisement in the mail from the *Film Finders Film Club* (P. O. Box 1939, New York, New York 10001), I ordered their "Bargain Bonanza" of films for \$38 in August 1976. My money order was cashed, but after sending two letters to the *Club*, I still haven't received my movies. The ad also said there was a money-back guarantee. Please help me find out what's going on.

D. R. Y.
Baltimore, Maryland

Money-back guarantees apply when the customer is dissatisfied with what he gets—in your case, nothing. And since Film Finders Film Club has ignored our inquiries as well as yours, we think that you might get satisfaction—if not your money back—by referring your complaint to the postal authorities.

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so that we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that, too. Please write to: Mail-Order Feedback, HUSTLER Magazine, 40 W. Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

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Prescriptions

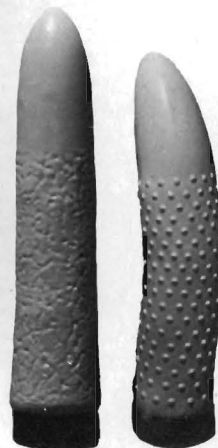
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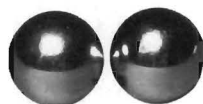
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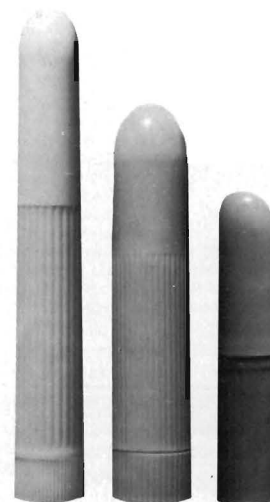
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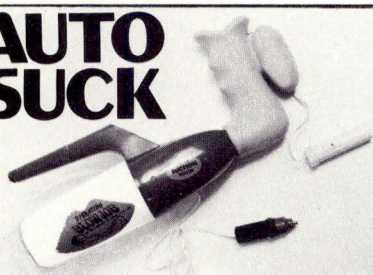
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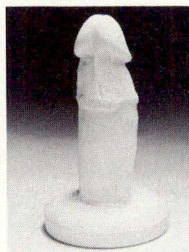
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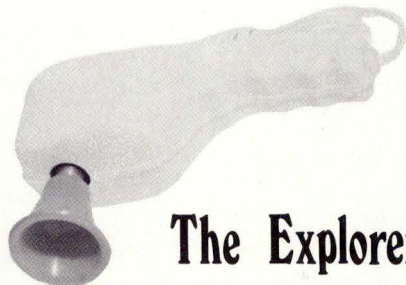
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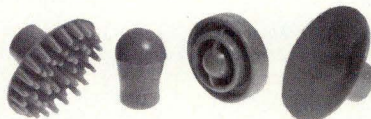
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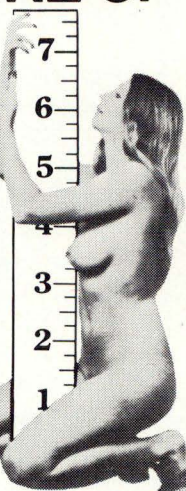
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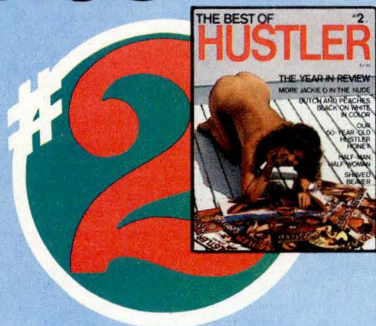
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PREVIEW

JULY

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

HUSTLER ON TRIAL: CINCINNATI WITCH-HUNT, PART II—This month's account of the trial left off with HUSTLER at the mercy of prosecutors in Cincinnati. In next month's article, Executive Editor Bruce David continues his eyewitness account of the courtroom spectacle as the jury returns its outrageous verdict.

ARAB MONEY: THE INVASION THAT NEVER HAPPENED—HUSTLER reports on how the oil-rich sultans and sheikhs *really* spend the billions of petrobucks that many people feared would be used to buy up the United States. By Stephen Barber.

THE NAKED TRUTH—We sent reporter Michael Randolph around the U.S. to get the bare facts and compile a HUSTLER consumer's guide to the country's leading nudist camps. If you're looking for fun in the sun, these tips should help you avoid getting burned.

WORKOUT—A strange ego clash gives way to raw animal passion in this offbeat fiction by Charles Bukowski.

VASECTOMY: AN UNKIND CUT—July's *Sex Play* takes you step-by-step through the male sterilization operation. Myths and misconceptions are nipped in the bud in this gut-wrenching report by Tim Conaway.

MONICA, our special anniversary life-size centerfold, opens our fourth year with help from MARIA and SHARON. And, if that's not enough, UNION 69 will pop your pistons.

KINKY KORNER—Spooked at first, a young white girl learns that calling a spade a spade can lead to a good time. By Janie Young.

PLUS—Off-the-cuff craziness and to-the-point particulars in BITS & PIECES, ADVISE & CONSENT, MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK, X-RATED REVIEWS, HONEY HOOKER and AMATEUR BEAVER HUNT.

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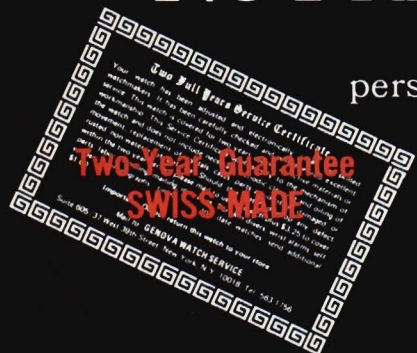


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